

THE FORUM

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SING SING

DONALD LOWRIE

(Recent Private Secretary to Warden Thomas Mott Osborne)

ONCE again the unscrupulous and moth-eaten political trick of securing an indictment against an "undesirable" public office-holder has been employed, this time against Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing prison, the accused. Even though the warden eventually be acquitted, the constructive work which he had scarcely begun will be retarded, and it is possible that the ring will regain control of a prison which it has made the most notorious in America.

Indicted! To the grand jurymen the word means an incident: to the layman it brings visions of imprisonment; to the newspaper editor it presages a "story"; to the general public, no matter what follows,—for an indictment is merely a formal *charge*—it means guilt; to the accused it nearly always spells suffering, humiliation and ruin. Yes, Thomas Mott Osborne has been indicted. He has been indicted because he had the courage of his beliefs; because his mentality was incapable of descending to the stench depths where he could cope successfully with the machinations of the slimy parasites who want his job and the patronage of Sing Sing; because he throttled prison graft and gave the citizens of New York State an honest administration; because he is a generation or two ahead of his time; because this is not yet a government by the people for the people, but a government by the politicians for—the politicians.

When Thomas Mott Osborne assumed the duties of warden of Sing Sing thirteen months ago the writer went there with him

as his private secretary. One of the first orders issued by the warden was that there were to be no locked doors in his residence, and that the prisoners were to have access to him at any time. There was to be free and easy entrance to every room and nook in the warden's quarters for those who resided there, for guests, for employees, for everyone. Here was a man whose faith in human nature was so strong that he eschewed being suspicious of anybody *in advance*; everything he did, every movement he made was in the open, free, easy, natural, confident, pure;—and he has been indicted for immorality! No locked doors, no concealments, no distrust; everything open and above board! What a logical and ideal setting for the practice of immorality!

No worse charge than this can be lodged against any public man. No matter how swift and positive an acquittal, the rotten memory of scandal will linger long in the sensitive public mind; and in the minds of thousands a breath of suspicion is indelible. It is a charge easy to make. It is a charge impossible to eradicate. Even though it be utterly unsubstantiated, even though damages for defamation of character are subsequently awarded the accused, morbid brains will continue to mull the morsel. It is the most despicable, cowardly, desperate and yet telling charge that can be used.

Two months after Mr. Osborne took charge of Sing Sing a man high in the public affairs of the United States and especially cognizant of the baleful power of the inner ring of southeastern New York State, came to the prison and urged the warden to be careful. "Be especially careful in your personal dealings with prisoners," was the admonition. "They [meaning the ring] intend to get you on charges of immorality!"

The warden half rose from his seat, his face drawn with mental nausea, his hands clenched about the arms of his chair. For a moment it looked as if he were going to spring at the throat of his advisor. Then he settled back, crossed his legs, looked absently at his watch, and said:

"So that's the lay! Nothing small about that. No chance to get me for dishonesty, laziness, neglect—none of the trite

charges—but 'Immorality'. A nice pleasant word, isn't it? Well, damn them, let them come on."

Afterward he said to me: "The miserable curs! I knew when I took the job they'd fight me. Every warden this place has ever had, so far as I know, has been a Westchester or Dutchess or some nearby county politician; I'm an obstacle, a marplot. I expected opposition, intrigue, underhandedness, but I didn't anticipate filth. I thought there was still a shred of manhood lurking somewhere in their yellow carcasses." Then, squaring his shoulders: "We've got to face this; we must be particularly circumspect. I want you to be on the alert for frame-ups. Be especially careful that no woman ever comes into this house save by my order and as my guest."

These words indicate what was in the warden's mind. He had not even a glimmering that the "immorality" for which he was to be "got" was any other than the common kind. His character was too high for his mind to think lower. My mind, however, was not so immaculate. I had spent ten years in prison. I knew the latrine ways of politicians, and I knew the abnormalities that weed in the minds and moral characters of men suppressed for long years in cells. I knew the devious labyrinth which had resulted in the "downfall" of more than one "interloping reformer". I knew the connivance of prisoners with subordinate officers, and how a frame-up in which they were the pawns and knights might be directed from the quiet of a remote hotel suite. I knew that a charge of "immorality" might be twisted from the fact that the warden had put his arm over the shoulder of a weeping convict and sympathized in common over the death of a distant baby. I knew that a reformer should not be human save when alone, or with his very own; that, at all other times, he must imprison his soul and be a man of iron.

Knowing this, and rapidly learning that Mr. Osborne was human at all times and that he was prone to deal with his warped charges personally and in a fatherly way, I was perturbed; at times distressed. I wanted to tell the man what was in my mind, but didn't dare. The more I saw of him the more I realized how futile would be the slightest suggestion to the

effect that the personal-dealing method was fraught with grave possibilities of furnishing ammunition to his enemies. As time went on and the signs of a premeditated and cold-blooded political murder became daily more apparent, the situation became almost unbearable. In such close contact with the man, with never a locked door between us, I saw and knew everything he did, and I knew that he was spotless, that his moral thinking was pure, that he was too busy working out the problems confronting him—often in the hours before dawn when the world was asleep—even to think evil, let alone commit it. I did not reason this out—I didn't have to; it was not a conclusion, it was a growth. It was not belief, it was knowledge.

"If they hope to get him on a charge of personal immorality they'll have to go some," I thought. "The warning must mean that they plan to tangle his name with immorality among the prisoners. That, of course, is possible, for no prison, no navy, no place where men are herded to the exclusion of women for any length of time, exists without immorality."

That instances of immorality among the prisoners came to light was not shocking. Immorality had always existed in the place, and it was not to be stamped out merely by change of wardens. The first case was that of a negro who confessed—in my presence—before Charles H. Johnson, the assistant warden. Mr. Osborne had been obliged to leave the prison on business and had delegated Mr. Johnson to investigate the charges against the negro. After prolonged questioning, in the course of which it became evident that the accused was feverishly degenerate, he was taken inside and locked up. Mr. Johnson and I went down to the kitchen and made some strong coffee.

Another case, more disgusting, occurred shortly afterward. Mr. Johnson conducted the examination of this man also; but the prisoner refused to admit guilt although the evidence was overwhelming and positive. Other cases came up from time to time.

Upon inquiry and examination of records the warden learned that such offences were not unusual in the prison, that they had occurred under his predecessor and under all preceding administrations. He also learned that prosecutions in the crimi-

nal court of the county had not been customary. Certain newspapers were seizing on every possible bit of lead for two-column headline stuff about Sing Sing. It would serve no good purpose to give publicity to such happenings; and furthermore it had not been done in the past. The warden decided to follow precedent, and had these perverts transferred to other prisons or to the asylum for the criminal insane. Of what use was it to air unprintable facts in the courts? Even were the culprits convicted and given additional sentences—as had been done on rare occasions during past years—it would not eradicate the evil; the records proved that. It must be stamped out, if possible, by the slow process of education, and by giving the prisoners the opportunity to employ their minds normally.

Had Mr. Osborne been a professional office-holder, a political parasite wallowing in graft, nothing inimical to his administration would have resulted from his "following precedent." But "they" were after him, and hopeless of ousting him for graft, seized on such cases and stored them away for "count one". Whether or not it was the warden's negative action in disposing of these unnatural prisoners as he did that is the basis of the vague charge of "immorality" remains to be seen. If these cases do constitute the basis for the charge, then every warden, every jailer, every ship captain, every barrack commandant in the world is "immoral". If it is personal immorality that is charged, then perjury, and nothing else, can be used in the effort to establish it.

Early in the administration it became evident that the warden was surrounded by spies, by men among the guards and officers who were the hirelings of the ring. Day after day a certain Poughkeepsie newspaper published what purported to be a diary of Sing Sing. Most of the stuff was fabrication, but here and there it contained items and distorted details sufficient to show that it was being supplied by someone employed at the prison. Guards were dismissed for coming on duty in an intoxicated condition, for bringing whiskey and drugs to prisoners, and for laxity in permitting two or three prisoners to escape—though it is noteworthy in passing that there have been fewer escapes during the thirteen months of Warden Osborne's régime

of quasi-autonomy than under any corresponding period when might and brutality reigned. It was fairly well established that the whiskey-bringing guards hoped to see the deadly stuff precipitate riot or murder within the walls. Several of those who were discharged made ineffectual efforts to compel the warden to reinstate them, and in nearly every case local papers reviled the warden and openly predicted his early "removal". On the slightest pretext, or on no pretext, these bucolic sheets used columns in trying to impress upon their subscribers that Thomas Mott Osborne had taken the bread out of the mouths of discharged guards' children, that he was the greatest scoundrel unelectrocuted. Incidentally, most of the guards who were thus discharged wouldn't know a child if they saw one—never being sober off duty long enough to adjust their eyes beyond the focus of a whiskey glass.

Plots to get the warden into a compromising position, or apparently compromising position, were brought to us in a monotonous procession. He was to be inveigled into saloons, or into the arms of a demi-mondaine and snapped before witnesses. He was to be "caught" in a questionable resort in New York. He was to be the respondent in a suit for damages based on domiciliary "wreckage". He was to be the betrayer of an adolescent innocent. Some of these reports were rooted in actual conspiracy; others were figments of hare-brained zealots; but that the man was in danger of becoming an unwitting party to some devilish machination could not be disregarded.

Fortunately, Mr. Osborne never left the prison alone; he always took someone with him—someone he knew and trusted. This was not calculation on his part; it was habit. He had been doing the same thing for years. On one occasion while I was travelling with him, he said: "I always like to have someone with me. I can conceive of nothing more distressing than to meet with an accident or to die alone, and I feel that way more and more the longer I live. At my age I feel better with a friend or two near me all the time."

During this period Mr. Osborne was receiving scores of invitations to speak; each mail brought one or two requests. His personal feeling and inclination was to decline to speak, be-

cause, as he put it, "the prison needed" him, and he wanted to be where there was the greatest need. Realizing the value of gaining public support for a constructive and honest prison system, the warden's friends continually urged him to accept lecture opportunities. Reluctantly he did so, giving three or four lectures each week, most of them within a nocturnal return to the prison. One of the "counts" in the indictment against the warden is "neglect of duty" in that he did "wilfully and unlawfully absent himself from Sing Sing prison on an average of three days each week from December 1, 1914." This is buncombe and nothing else. The warden was never west of Buffalo, east of Boston or south of Philadelphia during the time specified, save when on his vacation. It is true that he spent week-ends at Auburn, but scarcely ever did twenty-four hours pass without a telephonic or telegraphic message of instruction to the assistant warden, and an inquiry if all was well. Not once, but regularly, the warden remained in his office, working on documents connected with administrative affairs of the prison, or interviewing prisoners and guards, until one, two or three o'clock in the morning. No warden of Sing Sing has ever worked one-half so hard and conscientiously as Thomas Mott Osborne.

As has been pointed out, Mr. Osborne dealt with the prisoners as man to man, frequently interviewed individuals alone, but never behind closed doors, or without the possibility of one of us stepping into the room at any time. During these interviews it was not unusual for him to secure confessions or to elicit confidences. Several times I witnessed prisoners in tears, or so unstrung at the discovery of human sympathy for their deflections and shortcomings as to seize the warden's hands and vow eternal straightforwardness and fidelity. More than once I have seen the warden's arm on the shoulders of a broken convict, and more than once I have heard his voice vibrant with emotion as he entered into the soul cataclysm of a hair-triggered youth or a grey-haired wreck. Such a scene on the stage would be dramatically lachrymal. In the warden's office of a great prison in the dead of night it *could* be construed as "immoral", though such an inference is enough to turn any decent person's soul sick.

On the nineteenth day of March, 1915, a young man connected with an eleemosynary organization came to Sing Sing and asked if he might inspect the prison. He was known personally to Warden Osborne, and he was not only given a pass to visit all parts of the prison but he was received as a guest in the warden's house. That night I inadvertently discovered this guest copying a personal letter which lay on the warden's desk. He was unaware of what I had seen, and, by deliberately watching him, I afterward saw him commit other acts which indicated that we were entertaining a wolf in sheep's clothing. Later in the night two of the men employed in the warden's residence came to me with the information that they had, respectively, seen this man prying into the desk in the warden's bedroom and rummaging in the sideboard of the dining-room. The warden was in New York for the night, due in Philadelphia the next morning. "Canada Blackie", the life prisoner who had been found in solitary confinement by Mr. Osborne, and who had subsequently proved one of the most potent factors for good among the prisoners, was dying of tuberculosis in a room on the top floor of the house. "Blackie" had been pardoned by Governor Whitman that he might die "free". We, the employees and the servants in the house, were busy and distressed. The gasps of the dying man could be plainly heard, and yet, in the midst of everything, a traitorous guest was in the house. We remained up all night. The guest had purposely been assigned to the warden's suite—even though he had been seen rummaging there beforehand—because it was more open than any other part of the residence and he could easily be watched.

At four o'clock I went to New York to apprise the warden of what had occurred, but, on arriving at my destination, I changed my mind. I knew the warden was "all in", that he needed sleep sorely, that he would go to Philadelphia with an added worry if I saw him, so I took the next train back to Sing Sing. During my absence "Blackie" had died, and in the flurry consequent upon this fact, and with the business of getting the remains out of the house, the guest was forgotten, and departed. In a pseudo-report which he wrote concerning Sing Sing, and which was properly suppressed, he dwelt upon the fact that I,

along with two or three of the prisoners, drank coffee from a silver pot in the warden's office. This puerile criticism of the prison administration was on a par with the rest of the report, and was based on the fact that coffee had been served, in the regular pot, in the office pending the arrival of the undertaker, and in lieu of breakfast.

This incident goes to show the extent to which the enemies of the warden were ready to go. From that day on no guest in the house was entirely exempt from something more than casual observation.

Meanwhile annoying letters, warning the warden of the perfidy of this or that employee, were being received. Also, the tone of the letters from the office of the Superintendent of Prisons at Albany began to be patronizing, imperative, insulting. Trifling incidents inside the prison were communicated to the Albany office through unknown channels, and three-page letters, pointing out the warden's remissness, began to clutter the correspondence. Suggestions and inquiries by the warden remained unanswered, or were curtly dismissed, until it was patent that the Superintendent's office was not only not in sympathy with the warden but positively hostile. Yet, at the monthly meeting of the parole board, when the sponsors for this condition of affairs visited the prison and dined with the warden, the social amenities of good-fellowship and perfect administrative and advisory accord were sedulously observed. It was like dining with a lighted bomb under the table—a bomb the existence of which everybody knew, but which everybody was determined the other fellow should first proclaim.

On April 1, 1915, a Mr. Marsh of Buffalo came to the prison early in the morning and asked if he might inspect the place. Mr. Marsh was corpulent and stertorous. He was dressed in the vintage of 1880 and his eyes were hidden behind heavy goggles. Both Mr. Osborne and Mr. Johnson were temporarily absent, and Mr. Molloy, who was in charge, came and voiced the opinion that the would-be visitor was a "suspicious character". "Won't you come out and take a look at him before I give him a pass?" he asked. I complied, and after asking Mr. Marsh a few questions decided that he was harmless. Mr.

Molloy wrote the pass, and the visitor went inside. He was gone two hours, and I afterward learned that he asked a great many pointed questions, indicating thorough familiarity with the prison, and that he had stopped and talked with a number of the guards and prisoners. It was one of the warden's rules that visitors should have every reasonable opportunity to learn all they could about Sing Sing, so the curiosity of Mr. Marsh, although unusual, was not considered menacing. As a matter of fact there was nothing to be concealed, though we were on the lookout continually for hirelings of the ring who might come in the guise of visitors and take advantage of courtesy and trust to introduce contraband, or induce sedition among the inmates. But when Mr. Marsh, on emerging from the prison, did not leave, but asked to be admitted to the warden's quarters, I became suspicious. He came in, questioned me quite closely, gazed about continually, and was not over-gracious in his demeanor. Frankly, I didn't like him, and after he had finally departed one of the office men blurted, "That guy was phony. He was here to see what he could find out!"

The office man was right, for Mr. Marsh was none other than Thomas Mott Osborne, warden of Sing Sing, and he found out considerable, especially as to the attitude of certain guards. The warden had conceived this plan, and had carried it out successfully, in order to satisfy himself just where he stood. To this day there are certain ex-employees of Sing Sing who are unable to understand how their perfidy became known to the warden. In thus going through the prison incognito Mr. Osborne was merely being consistent with his policy not to employ or listen to stool pigeons, realizing that the stool pigeon system offered all sorts of temptations to unscrupulous and selfish prisoners, not to mention employees.

Meanwhile the opposition of the Superintendent's office employees in Albany had grown to such proportions that the management of the general prison affairs became more and more difficult and uncertain, one of the chief sources of trouble arising over the transfer of prisoners. Sing Sing, be it known, can accommodate 1,400 prisoners, but seventy per cent. of the number of those committed to the state prison in New York are sen-

tenced in Greater New York, and are first received at Sing Sing. The total prison population is approximately 5,000, so it can readily be seen that Sing Sing is *always* overcrowded. To obviate this congestion it is necessary to transfer prisoners to Dannemora, Auburn and Great Meadow continually. These transfers have always been troublesome, and always will be. Dannemora, in the Adirondacks, is considered a "hard" prison, and is so remote as to practically prohibit visits to prisoners from relatives. Most relatives of prisoners are poor and cannot afford to leave their work or spend the money for a trip to Dannemora. Also, in the effort to grade the four prisons, Dannemora has been designated by the Superintendent of Prisons as the place where recidivists and "incurables" shall be confined.

Auburn prison, in central New York, is also comparatively remote from the district which furnishes seventy per cent. of the prison population, and where seventy per cent. of the number of the relatives of the prisoners reside, and so prisoners confined there are also unable to see their relatives.

Great Meadow, south of Lake George, has been set aside for "first timers" and for prisoners who have less than two years to serve.

In the past the transfer of prisoners from Sing Sing was accomplished much the same as a herd of cattle are separated. Regardless of home ties, of physical condition, of mechanical value, sixty-six Sing Sing prisoners would be "cut out" of the grey herd and shipped unceremoniously to Dannemora, Auburn, or Great Meadow. Sixty-six is the capacity of a railroad coach, hence the number. In cases where individual prisoners had the right kind of influence their names would be segregated from the rest at the Albany office, and they were safe from molestation. But those without a "pull" never knew at what moment they would be roughly handcuffed and herded away. Wives, mothers, lawyers, children were all in torment, not knowing at what moment they would be parted, perhaps for years, perhaps for life. Not only this, but guards who took dislikes to certain prisoners, or who had carried illicit traffic in drugs or intoxicants too far for safety to themselves, could, by a mere word,

secure the transfer of this or that prisoner, no matter how long the prisoner had been at Sing Sing, no matter what his physical condition might be, no matter how innocent of any internal wrongdoing, no matter what his home ties. It is also claimed on reliable authority that certain attachés of the Superintendent's office would, for a consideration, place the name of any convict on the non-transferable list.

Mr. Osborne determined to change all this, so far as it lay in his power, though it was no inconsiderable addition to his already heavy duties. To pick out the names of one hundred prisoners eligible for transfer to any one of the other three prisons, and to have each one of those named conform with the Superintendent's rules, was in itself no light task. The Superintendent's office demanded eighty or a hundred names in each case, from which to select the final sixty-six. The warden decided to interview personally each prisoner who was to be transferred; and this he might have been able to do had there been but one transfer each month. But with three or four transfers every thirty days, and with the Superintendent's office arbitrarily rejecting our lists and continually asking for more names, matters became so confused that it was impossible for the warden to carry out his plan of personal interviews. Furthermore, we soon learned that the preparation of transfer lists could not be delegated to the regular clerks, because on one occasion, after sixty-six prisoners had gone, we learned that a number of them were valuable artisans in the shops, that they had been included for spite, or in order to cripple the industries, and thus make it appear that the warden was not securing the same amount of products from the shops—a fact which would tend to discredit him in the eyes of the taxpayers. After that incident much care was exercised in preparing transfers, and every effort was made to avoid including men valuable to the administration, or who had close family connections living nearby. Presently the Superintendent's office began placing the names of these very men on the transfer lists, and quibbled endlessly over the warden's objections, until at last a newspaper account appeared in which the Superintendent of Prisons was quoted as having complained that Sing Sing was disgracefully overcrowded, and that the warden

was remiss in not attending to transfers. An examination of the records made by myself disclosed that more prisoners had been transferred from Sing Sing during Warden Osborne's administration to that date than had been the case during the corresponding period a year before, and that the population of the prison was only twelve above what it had been on the corresponding date in 1914, before Mr. Osborne became warden, and under the general superintendency of the same complainant in Albany.

Finally the Superintendent authorized three of his deputies to come to Sing Sing and arbitrarily make up transfers. This was done against the warden's strenuous objection.

As indicating why Mr. Osborne is detested by the ring, another angle is enlightening; and it was only when the warden threatened to resign and disclose the facts to the public that he won his point, or at least succeeded in frustrating the grafters. It occurred during the 1915 spring session of the legislature. Two sites, at Beekman and Wingate, were under consideration for the proposed new prison farm. One of these sites, which had been purchased years before at an exorbitant figure, was little more than a swamp, and a Dutchess county architect, it is alleged, had used up \$100,000 of the appropriation, with nothing to show for the expenditure beyond a few poorly constructed and incomplete foundations. The politicians of the period had purchased the property adjacent to this site, speculating that the State would one day want to enlarge the plant, and that their holdings would accordingly be valuable. The other site, while unimproved, was larger, and offered splendid conditions for extensive farming operations, had a good water supply, and a natural central elevation for buildings. One of Warden Osborne's "absences" from the prison was the day he spent inspecting these two places—a trip which was made in a blinding storm during which he took a cold which subsequently confined him to his bed for several days.

There was no question whatever as to the relative merits of the two sites, and the warden allied himself with the minority legislators who were standing for an honest appropriation and a practical prison. There was a deal of filibustering, and trav-

elling back and forth between Albany and Sing Sing before the matter was adjusted. Owing to this fight for spoils on the part of the grafters, nothing was done toward building a new prison, though at one time it looked as if the appropriation for the undesirable site would be made. It was at this point that the warden played his last card on the side of public decency by threatening to resign and expose the whole rotten scheme. To my mind the politicians thus frustrated are directly and indirectly behind the present desperate effort to "get" Osborne; for the same fight for a prison appropriation is to come up at the next session of the legislature, and the people can be trimmed with more ease, and without unpleasant interference in the cutting of the pie if Osborne has been proclaimed a pervert and is out of the way. Fortunately for the people, and unfortunately for these unscrupulous scoundrels—worse by far than the men confined in Sing Sing—Thomas Mott Osborne is a fighter, with all his human sympathy and big-heartedness. He is a fighter whose fight is just; and though

"Round and round we run,
Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

On two occasions while I was employed at Sing Sing by Mr. Osborne I was approached by the accredited representatives of New York newspapers and offered "special rates" for "exclusive stories". The idea seemed to be prevalent among newspapermen that something was going on at Sing Sing which they were not getting. This idea was no doubt due to the crafty innuendoes of political enemies, and, though I not only declined to betray my employer and told the emissaries that there was nothing to betray, they would not be convinced. On one occasion a special writer for a New York paper remained in Ossining, the nearby village, for several days, endeavoring to cook up a "story" from an unfounded rumor.

The time came when matters reached such a pass between the warden and the Superintendent's office that certain papers were stolen from the prison by the Superintendent's agent, and in recovering them on the station platform the warden was

assaulted by the messenger. A warrant was sworn out, and the man was tried in the village court. He was acquitted, and was heard to say that he had "only just begun with Osborne".

All these facts, taken with other circumstances, point unwaveringly to conspiracy. In a letter published in the Boston Herald dated December 30, 1915, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot uses these words:

"The indictment of Warden Thomas M. Osborne is an incident in the history of corrupt and commercialized politics.

"The sources of the *conspiracy* which has brought about this attack upon an upright public servant *have long been well known*. Here is a man who has given himself unreservedly to the thankless task of reforming the iniquitous prison system of New York. It has been a work of heroic devotion and tenacity. It has involved the inevitable opposition of the politicians and the petty office-holders who profited by the old system. These men have stopped at no calumny or slander. It is easy enough to induce convicts to commit perjury in order to bring charges against the warden. Those who know Tom Osborne and the work he has been doing have no fear of the issue. *He has long been aware of the nature of the attack* that was to be made upon his character but he has not flinched. It is well for the public to understand that it is not really Osborne who is to be put on trial; it is the administration of justice in the State of New York."*

If tears constitute immorality, if working eighteen hours out of each twenty-four is neglect of duty, if following established precedent is crime, if being honest in public office is so unusual, then by all means let's indict other wardens and other office-holders.

Thomas Mott Osborne may be placed on trial, but he will not need defending. The invulnerable cannot be injured.

* Italics are by present writer.

GLASTONBURY

Vobis Parta Quies

STEPHEN H. HEWETT

GREY, green, and grey! From the long westward hill
By what strange power all hues and influences
Of earth and heaven in one deep unison
Are blended! And one presence over all
Reigns, and a single spirit of lifeless calm:
The sense of some November melancholy
Unbroken, in a lonely place of dreams.
Not here the tapestries of summer flame
In glory of purple, miracles of blue;
Here is no spell of terror, no romance
Of mountain: only yonder, dimly seen,
A glint of silver, and (a half surmise)
Far waters gleam that wash the iron hold
Of Wales, beyond the sundering Severn foam.
Here all is quiet, where in anchorite cell
Oblivious Autumn fades, and every voice,
Each flush of light, discolors and subdues
To one still whisper and monotony
Of music lost in thought, color in vision,
And very life in rest.

Grey, green, and grey, and flush of sunset-fire!
Three tokens are there of the western land:
Grey-green of Autumn, and the grey of mist,
And sunset-colors of the dying year,—
Three spirits: but not in self-sufficiency
Diverse, three flowers upon a single stem,
One union of threefold imagining.
Yea, there is one dream in that slumbering earth,
One thought in rock and field and sunset-glow,
A spell of power to loose the tranced hush
In soundless harmony: green hills look down,

The grey road plunges, and the glimmering plain
Is gathered in a point: one rose of light
That blooms on Avalon and old Glastonbury.

There lies the ruin, and the Hill of Pain,
At peace in rays of morning, clear as shone
In that first dawning of bright English days
And birth of our proud story, when from South
Out of the plain and up the windy hill,
And ever onward, came the march of men,
Imperial eagles and the Law of Peace.

How often, to the watcher on the height,
Yon plain is darkened, now with doubtful skies
In restless interchange of shadow and light,
Now with the dusky fringes of a storm
Slow-moving, like dim curtains that reveal
Some tragedy beyond; and every line
Of hill and well-known woodland vanishes
In swimming vapor. So upon a time
The fame and beauty that was Glastonbury
Vanished, with blood and bitter rain of tears.
Beauty and sorrow! Both alike are dead;
They sleep like men forgotten in the grave,
And are no more; yet haunt unhappily
That far-off ruin, where the arches hang
Broken, and in the choir there is no sound
Of singing, and no vision, and no light;
Only a mower mowing in the grass.
Down the long aisle he goes, and in his track
The swathed flowers fall: anon he stands
Before a fairer flower of carven stone,
The Chapel of the Maiden, ruinous
And crushed by violence of the hands of men.

Long labored they who builded in that place,
Their work was tried and proven; now their pains
Are spent, the beauty that they loved is gone,—

No little thing: yet little in those eyes
That see the Light, whose tears are wiped away.
The love of loveliness that in their toil
Shone, the high pattern of their artistry,
Failed not; but all the more, when courage, faith,
Were nobler than fair forms, they did fulfil
Their soul's desire, in strong humility
Young-hearted, as a child that on the shore
Sees the frail forts and castles of his dream
Flooded with frothing foam, and builds again.
So build they out of ruin, with broken tools,
Obedient to the vision, and content
If but a moment's labor of their hands
Be not unworthy of the light supreme.
They counted not the cost, but gave their all,
Whose strength was as the strength of them that
 strove
(The old sea-hearted masters of the sea)
For Hellas' sake, when home and country burned,—
And recked it not, knowing that liberty
Is higher than death, and man the lord of fate.

And as night gathers on the rear of day,
Dimming the stormy sunset o'er the Hill
Of Sorrow, and the ruins of their home,
They lie in silence, at their battle-post,
Nor fear the shadows, but with wakeful heart
Look to the hills of morn, as though they dreamed
That Glastonbury shall be built anew;
And when grey dawn goes glimmering into day,
An eastward tower shall rise and take the light
High on the Mendips (when the Spirit of Joy
Shall flower again, and find her home again),
Symbol of Peace amid a world at war.

THE MEN OF 1916

Reputed to have been first printed in the year 1967, by permission of MR. JOHN ALDEN of Chicago—Fellow the Municipal University—from a memorandum prepared by him for transmission to his descendants.

I

ONE OF THE RING-LEADERS

HELLO, come in, Jack. No, I'm not asleep, and it wasn't necessary to come tip-toeing down the corridor.

Sleeping or waking, I like the sound of marching heels—next to the swish of skirts. Sometimes lying here in this old house so full of memories, I think I hear the rustle of the silken flounces of Dolly Madison. *There* was a woman—I daresay. To be sure I recall absolutely nothing about her. But what a fine thing to have left to posterity a name of piquant pleasantness like that. And to have made the White House rosy with it. And to have had it carved on the corner of this old club-house—for the cheering of several generations of more or less homeless men like me.

Hitch up that curtain, Jack. And see if you can push this bed a little closer to the window. There, that's better. I get a good view now of Kosciusko out there in the park. And if Freedom should shriek again I'll be on hand—to call for help. What strange notions our ancestors had about freedom.

Do I find the summer hot in Washington? Of course not—with all these new-fangled refrigerating arrangements. I don't know how it is with you people in Chicago. You always were a little slow. But here we can pretty nearly turn on the climate to suit our temperaments.

Naturally the Washington of fifty years ago was a different matter. Whew, what an infernal place it was in July and

August. I remember particularly the summer of 1914, the year the big war broke out. The President was game. He stayed right through.

Eh, you want to hear that old story about the presidential campaign of 1916? You impudent beggar, I believe you mean to be disrespectful. You are beginning to treat me like a doddering old Parr, with nothing but a memory. I tell you I'm an engineer—and I haven't got this city built yet.

I crawled up to the roof-garden yesterday and looked over the town. Jupiter, it's fine! Pindar's little pile of bricks was nothing to it. Yet he had the right words for it: "Oh, thou shining, violet-crowned City of Song! August Athenæ!"

It's an accomplished fact, Jack. You and I have really lived to see it. It needs age, I suppose—and rime. Though for my part the charm of old city-streets—like Whitehall or the Rue Richelieu—is not that many years have passed over them, but that much passion of life has been spent there, and that something not cheap or fleeting in the heart of man has wrought upon the stones. And God knows that this place has not been made by hucksters or whiffets.

It's good to live in these spacious years. And to be young in them is better still. You lucky dog. What was it Shelley said? "Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*, but to be *young* were very heaven." Poor Shelley. If he could have seen how they mussed up his nineteenth century—in the middle of it—with their Manchester economics, their mid-Victorian cant and ugliness and their hellish poverty. But Shelley had his song—in spite of them—and that was something.

Well, well, I give you your youth, boy, without envy. I am eighty years old and I have lived to the top and bottom of life—since 1916. I witnessed the Great Mobilization, and was a part of it. I was at the gate of the New Age with those that wedged it open. I helped to turn the hinge of universal history.

I am quite happy and satisfied about it all—and very comfortable in this club, I thank you.

I feel like the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's tale: "It tickleth

me about my heart-root, that I have had my world—as in my time.”

And to be quite frank with you, Jack, I’m about through. I haven’t any constitution left. None. I’m like old John Jay—“just living along—under the by-laws!”

The fact is I’ve decided to quit some day—pretty soon. And I shall not take an unconscionable time a-dying. Just drop out of the game—like a man of sense—and go home. Meanwhile you may not get down again from Chicago. And, since you mention it, I *will* tell you the story of the men of 1916. And I will tell it with nice particularity, too. For I want you to remember it. I want you to write it down. I want you to treasure it for your children’s children—when the men of the Great Time are all gone.

II

THE OLD-FASHIONED BUSINESS-MIND

Of course, Jack, the chief difficulty in explaining what was done in 1916, lies in the fact that you can’t possibly understand—really and truly understand—the precise quality of our blithering foolishness in 1915. That is the stumbling-block of all history—the difficulty of grasping the ineptitude of one’s ancestors.

During the early years of the twentieth century we kept on in this country trying to do business under the spell of the political and financial superstitions that had tangled the wits of the nineteenth. The war that wrecked Europe was a year old before we in the United States seemed to do much serious thinking about the cause and cure of that sort of thing. In general we didn’t suppose that the war concerned us—except as moral umpires, passing judgment on wicked nations—and making a little something on the side. We slipped along gaily down the river—like a Buffalo picnic-party, with a band, and full dinner-pails—and no fear of the Falls.

But after a while the idea got abroad that the United States was not located in the moon or under the rings of Saturn, that it lay in a perfectly accessible place between sizzling Europe and seething Asia—and that the war was really in some sense our affair. And then we began to have a fear. It was like the fear of the Lord; it was the beginning of wisdom.

A man named Benjamin Kidd once wrote a book to prove that nothing is great in man but the reach of his will and intellect forward into futurity. Now, if a nation can't fill its thought of the future with a great faith, I suppose a great fear is the next best thing. Perhaps the fear may be expected to breed the faith. At least that's the way it happened with us.

At a dinner-table in Berlin a little before the war, while some speech-maker was praising what he called "the peaceful prowess" of the Germans, the military attaché of the American embassy remarked to me playfully behind his hand that it was different with us, that we were "a war-like but unmilitary nation." So it was, indeed. The American people had the swagger and truculence of boy-scouts—in the days of those sharp diplomatic controversies with Germany, Austria, England and France. We were quite careless of military machinery. We gathered behind the President with a curious kind of disengaged indignation—as if he were our all-sufficient scout-master. We urged him to go ahead and get our rights. He couldn't put it too strong to please *us*.

But after a while, as I have said, we got scared a little. The scaring was done in a systematic manner by the trustees of the investing-class, the people who were looking out for foreign fields of financial and commercial exploitation. They organized great societies at short order, and sent missionaries through the land to tell us to be prepared for war. These did their work well. Of course they were assisted by many others who had no axe to grind. Altogether there was created in the seaboard cities a *charivari* of terror, with a raw-head and bloody-bones at every window—a *dance macabre* in which you could hear the rattle of the bones of battlefields.

There can be no doubt that the instigators of this thing were all right—from their point of view. They were shrewd business-

men of the antique type. They didn't mean any harm to the country. On the contrary they were patriotic, according to their lights.

Business-men of this old-fashioned sort supposed themselves to be hard-headed, even scientific, in insisting that business was just business—and that it was vain to try to put any social sense into it. So, naturally, they were arrant sentimentalists—on the off-side of their minds. They would swoon with enthusiasm, at big chamber-of-commerce dinners, when orators turned themselves loose on the idealisms that were supposed to be latent in great commerce and industry. The queer thing is that men of this sort really supposed that the idealisms *ought* to be just *latent*. They had no notion that idealism has any practical use. They imagined that somehow in the nature of things, all the practical work of civilization—the subdual of the land and sea and the building of cities—ought always to be carried on in a sort of twilight zone of pure mathematics—bowelless and blameless—equally removed from the passions of heaven and hell.

No, I give it up, Jack. I see you don't understand. Probably you never *will* understand. Only men of peculiar genius, endowed with an extraordinary faculty of historical imagination, will ever be able to revive, even for a moment, the psychology of the business-man of the nineteenth century—its detached and abstract patriotism, its affectionate and affluent charity and its pathetic faith in the gold standard and the book of arithmetic.

It was the prevalence of this psychology—in Europe as in America—that produced the great war.

I spent some weeks in every first-class capital in Europe during the year before the war broke out—on an errand that brought me into contact with many of the men of large affairs, the financiers and cabinet ministers, who made the war and managed the waging of it. I found no malevolent men among them—positively no hoofs or horns. They all stumbled into the war—and groped their way through it.

Nothing is so blinding as the belief in the importance of bad men. If they exist at all, they are negligible. The first man of the modern spirit was crucified by morbid moralists that

meant well. And I tell you that with half a regiment of honest rogues like you, Jack, I'd engage to clear all the real rascals off the face of the earth.

Civilization has been balked for so many ages, not by the wicked, but by demned good people who didn't believe in the practicability of their own ideals, and lacked the pluck to purge them out of their minds. We are destroyed by ideals that are not lived up to—ideals that split our lives in two, because we haven't stamina enough either to obey them and apply them or to defy them and get rid of them.

You fellows who have been brought up in the new America have been taught that you must at all costs achieve the integrity of your own minds, that you must shrive your souls of this pestilential sentimentality, that you must on peril of moral corruption and enfeeblement of will, cut ruthlessly out of your hearts every fine sentiment that you don't mean to use in your business.

But in the early days of the century the pastors and guides of education in this country seemed to have no inkling of this tremendous truth. We actually had powerful religious and cultural institutions expressly devoted to the inculcation of excellent states of mind and fine fashions of thinking that nobody thought of *doing* anything about.

Our whole Western civilization—before the war—was sick with a plague of words. Words, words, words—it was supposed that every social and political problem would be solved if only we could get the words right and put them to sealed paper and then erect an irresistible authority to enforce the formula. I often thought in those times that the chief educational need was a richly endowed school of professional sophists, on the Greek model, to disabuse the youth of the land of its faith in formulas by showing that everything and nothing can be proved by perfect logic.

Now this awful breach between the realm of theory and the region of fact—between intellect and will—played the very deuce with us in 1914.

Consider that world-wide organization of industry, commerce and exchange that had woven its marvellous tissues of mutuality and reciprocity across all the frontiers of nations, during

the fifty years that preceded the war. The fact was august. There was in it the making of a fresh civilization, full of beauty and order. But our debauched mentality didn't fit it—wasn't in any settled way adjusted to it. Its axioms were entertained as exquisite ideals. And the ideals had no congruity with the day's work. The case was, as I have said—there wasn't a board of trade within the whole circle of commerce, from Hamburg to Singapore, that didn't on occasion drink toasts to the sentiment that the human race had been knitted together in an indissoluble community-of-interest. There was no doctor of economic philosophy in any university that couldn't prove to the hilt the fallacy of the notion that a nation can get rich by making another poor. But this plain truth was so mixed with sentimentalities that it could come to nothing.

I remember that a gentleman called Norman Angell made himself the darling of everybody but the soldiers in half a dozen countries by putting this agreeable and universally acceptable proposition into very good lectures. The business-men liked Mr. Angell because he said so well the thing they had always cheered in the toasts. Not only was it cheerful to contemplate the idea that the interests of nations were identical, but also everybody was pleased to be assured that the idea corresponded exactly with the facts of nature and the sound principles of business. Yet—will you believe me?—nobody in actual practice paid the slightest regard to these acknowledged facts of nature, these sound principles of business.

In every country it was assumed that no other country would consider such matters. And it was deemed imprudent to be the *first* to begin to be reasonable and play fair. Thus each country tried to over-reach every other. And the result was war.

You see, Jack, the whole difficulty was to find a country that would dare *lead off* in ways of artistic and scientific international commerce. There was one country, Germany, that did indeed venture to put idealism into its work at home. But no country was more narrow and particularist than Germany in its foreign commercial relations. There was need of a nation high-spirited enough to do its work and shape its policy in the spirit of the university and on a basis of general human interest. And such a

nation was not found in Europe. So the besom of destruction was let loose.

I'm not blaming the Europeans. I think I understand them. Mostly their big business-men were like our own people in Wall Street—only more sorely tried. The European countries were crowded so close together that it would have taken a lot of courage there for any one country to break loose from the old jealousy and fear.

In America the coasts were somewhat clearer. So when our leaders of finance and commerce had got well under way with their propaganda of fearsomeness, some of us were given furiously to think about these matters. Of course, they were all right, as I have said—from their point of view. Not much seemed to be visible from that viewpoint.

The big business-men of the United States were quite blind to the fact that a day of judgment had fallen upon their accustomed kind of business—that the rule of private and socially-irresponsible finance had actually come to an end in Europe, and couldn't possibly last much longer in this country. They went right on as if nothing had happened.

They took it for granted that the American people and the government of the United States would back them up in vast schemes of business-belligerency directed against foreign lands. And so, of course, there would be need of an army and a navy on an unprecedented scale. The logic seemed flawless, as far as it went. Certainly I for one was free to concede that a million recruiting officers and drill-sergeants with a thousand shipyards and munitions mills—working day and night, in three shifts—couldn't possibly have over-matched by a single cartridge the envious violence that would one day have been launched against us from Europe and Asia—if we had followed out to the end the Wall Street plan of seizing spheres of financial influence from the warring nations while their backs were turned.

Ah, when I think of that abysmal folly, Jack, and how near we came to falling into it—and of the consequence—the darkening of this age of light—the disappointment of democracy—the

frustration of history—my breath comes short. Chuck up this pillow—and let me rest—for a moment. *There.*

III

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED

And yet on reflection I think that even if we had missed our way in 1916, we should in spite of all, have bettered ourselves. There was nothing else to do. The fact was we had struck bottom. And when a man or a nation has struck bottom to live at all is to *rise*.

Up to the outbreak of the great war the United States had not produced a single satirist—no Aristophanes, no Juvenal, no Ibsen, no Shaw. No castigator of our meannesses and hypocrisies had ever obtained a literary license or credential. We were absolutely complacent. Unbelievably complacent. You can't imagine! It was Byzantine!

You have lived all your life, Jack, in a free and buoyant city, full of bravery and airy scorn and truth-speaking—with no sodden caste of unmerited misery—no unrightable wrongs. You can form no mental image of the Chicago of 1915.

Imagine a place in which one had to be a kind of outlaw in order to tell the truth about anything important. Imagine a place where the odor of poverty steamed up out of vast stews, like the fumes of a witches' broth—with palaces built on the lid of the cauldron. A town in which art was thought of as something to be bought in bulk, and put into a show. A city government whose wires ran underground from bankers' offices, and were crossed by ecclesiastical intrigue, fifty kinds of lechery and greed and the caked stupidity of atavistic race-hate. A marvellous mechanism of newspapers, ceaseless cascades of print flowing in all the gutters—but no affirmative news, nothing but fatalities and mental vaudeville. A city that had once composed a real society—an authentic texture of brave human beings, believing in each other and devoted to a common purpose—but which had spawned to a hundred cliques devoted only to incom-

municable kinds of fashions in clothes and furniture, games, charities, reforms, unprecedented volume of benevolences and sentimental propaganda. A universal shudder of sociologic agitation—but no *society*. I mean there was no house left that could ask an obscure man of genius to dinner, and so set him forward toward social acceptance of his work.

It was a vast congeries of flying human fragments, without organic structure. No heart or centre, except the underground and anonymous focus—the invisible government of money.

This we called democracy. And—believe me, if you can, Jack—we were proud of it. Things were about the same in the other big cities—and in the country towns. Nearly everywhere a real society had indeed once existed. The fine firm traditions of old Massachusetts, New York and Virginia were matched in most of the other States. But the thing the traditions stood for had rotted out—with the development of our plutocracy.

In Kankakee or Oskaloosa the centre of political power and social credit was held by a little group of money-makers or trustees for money-lenders—who settled everything. They were quite well-meaning men. But they had no notion of any responsibility that was not statable in arithmetical terms.

There had been a time when a young lawyer of ability could just hang out his sign—as an officer of the court—with a fair hope of clients. But that was past. The career of an attorney-at-law was hopeless until after he had related himself, in a kind of feudal fealty, to the local railroad or traction company—or some other spoke of the financial hub.

It was so with the parson, the physician, the engineer, the newspaper-man. All social blessings and promotions flowed from a nameless and irresponsible financial group. And to quarrel with that group was to lose your chance of doing good or evil.

Preposterous, wasn't it? And laughable, too—when you stand off at a safe distance. But it was not laughable *then*. We had humorists. They made fun of everything but our base and painful *peonage*. They dared not touch the real sore.

Strange, how hard it is to get an objective view of the social

system one is *living* in. Few of us supposed we had struck the bottom. We rather fancied we were near the top.

Of course I don't mean to say that no society had ever sunk to a lower level. The point is that we, being such as we were—the pick of European stocks—had reached our maximum of faithlessness, our complete moral relaxation. Considering our vast heredity of valor, our solid historical background, I saw we had struck bottom.

And so—I repeat—even if we had followed the blind lead of belligerent business into the universal war-welter, it's most likely that we should have got an improvement out of it. To be sure, in that case, your Chicago wouldn't have been as it is today the social and commercial capital of Alberta and Saskatchewan. And Washington wouldn't be the centre of the art, the science and the credit of the world. But we should have had a new deal. We should have made an end of the plutocracies—everywhere—and at all events.

A single year of the great war should have taught any man with an ounce of sociologic understanding that the political rule of private finance had come to its doomsday. It was seen to be impracticable for any country subjected to the stress of modern war, to leave its credit-system in the hands of mere money-makers—to be administered solely in the interest of a creditor-class. The first act of war in France and England was, in effect, the transference of the credit-centre of the country to hands that were socially responsible—that is, to the government.

Our financiers in America seemed to think that this transference was temporary, or that it was due to circumstances peculiar to Europe. They should have understood that it was permanent, that it announced the hopeless failure and feebleness of the old plutocracies. And that the same thing would necessarily happen in the United States the moment we were confronted with a like alternative—the summons *to be strong or die*.

The point was that war on a modern scale and with the terrible modern tools could not be carried on by any country with a working-system controlled for mere private profit and for other than public ends. Thus the plutocracies of the world were in

1914 caught on the horns of a rending and destructive dilemma. Nothing could save the régime of financial egotism. It was certain that finance would have to be socialized—somehow.

What was left to be settled was the question whether this socialization should be carried out on democratic terms—in the spirit of art and science, the university and the free city, and with a view to a world-wide community of interest—or whether the thing should be done on an autocratic basis, by military governments in perpetual arms against their adversaries.

Either way, and at the worst there was great refreshment for the world—a renewal of the veracity and valor of the race.

And yet I am profoundly contented that we beat the reactionaries in 1916.

I couldn't stand your heels in the hall if you did the goose-step, Jack.

IV

ATHENA IN THE MACHINERY

As a matter of the mere personal equation I felt no drawing toward Germany in those days before the war. I daresay there was much of the boor and barbarian in all of us—Germans, Englishmen and Americans. But barbarians of various stripes have their natural cross-affiliations. And I sympathized with Bernard Shaw's remark that the British and the Yankees seemed to be much the same kind of blackguards. It was right that we should hang together—in any sense you like.

I belonged to two or three London clubs then—and do to this day—the Engineers' off Victoria street, the dear, dull, old Devonshire in St. James'. I was at home in London, and I never felt that way in Berlin.

But the war woke up all really sensible men to the fact that the Germans were a good long jump ahead of the rest of us in mere modernity. The flat truth is that Germany was the first of the nations to discover a soul in the machines.

For two or three generations the world had been developing in elaborate perfection two different kinds of machinery—to do

business with. There was the outer mechanism of iron—driven by electricity and steam. And there was the inner mechanism of financial, commercial and industrial skills and customs—not one whit less wonderful and revolutionary. I refer principally, of course, to the universal mental fabric of capitalization, credit, contract and corporate organization—in short, to what was called the business-system.

These two kinds of machinery had everywhere taken possession of our outer and our inner life—so that the vitality of mankind had undergone a practically irreversible change. It was as if new organic tissues had been formed, binding men together and intensifying alike all hurts and helps.

The enforced mutuality of the machine conditioned all our acts and motions. It was in our flesh and veins. It grooved the categories of our thought and shaped the convolutions of our brains.

Now, the remarkable thing is that it was only in Germany that the spokesmen of philosophy, culture and politics came to any sort of terms with these modern mechanical conditions of social existence. In England, France and the United States the artists and school-masters, the poets and politicians clung to the past—to the traditions of an unmechanized age, an age without standardization or the enforced mutuality of the machine. They insisted upon thinking of the fine things of life and of human rights and virtues as if they could be entirely separated from the machineries of the day's work.

Therefore, life in these countries was split in two. The ideas of art and of human duty and destiny were cut clean out of business. That is why the German conception of culture as a spirit driving the engines of peace and war, seemed a joke in western Europe and America.

However, the facts of nature will have their way. And it was revealed by the war that idealism, rightly applied, is the thing that makes the wheels go 'round in the high-tensioned mechanical processes of modern business.

Modern war, as we saw it waged then, had come to be nothing but an inverted kind of manufacture and commerce. Hence it followed that the countries whose business systems were com-

pletely cut off from their political and cultural systems, couldn't fairly expect to match the country that had put a considerable percentage of its poetry and patriotism into its machines.

Perhaps the German Empire was able to lead off in this matter simply because it happened to be in a sense the youngest of the nations. Its political and mental constitution was formed after the beginning of the machine age. The opposite was the case in England, France and the United States. Thus it may be that it was easier for Germany to adapt itself to the great change that had come over the world.

Certainly it should be admitted that the adaptation in Germany was partial and imperfect. Germany was fettered by an ancient feudalism, and was narrowly national at best—lacking in world-vision.

However, the fact remains that the German nation precipitated the grand crisis of modern history by putting a measure of passion and poetry into the machines. It was discovered that there is a spiritual "white coal" above the power of electricity and steam. That the arms and the tools belong at last to Pallas Athena.

After that nothing in the world could be the same as it had been—culture-for-the-sake-of-culture was smitten with death. Nay, was felt to have been long dead, a mummy-shape smelling of decay under the spiced swathings. And Business-that-was-just-business went staggering blindfold to its burial in the same crypt.

To be sure, business-men and the political and literary mentors in London and Paris and in Washington and New York were a little slow in taking note of what had happened. Mostly they agreed with Mr. Lloyd-George that being a little slow was about all that was the matter. They supposed that the western world could be comfortably restored to its former dualistic state—stark, bloodless mechanism, with a decorative frieze of patriotism, charity and poetry—if only a sufficient heap of large explosive shells could be accumulated to throw at the Germans.

It was difficult to understand that the whole business system had to be made over on a social plan—that the day had gone by

in which effectual fighting could be done by a people accustomed to work only for private profit, and to spend its idealism in high abstractions.

You, Jack, have been brought up in an Augustan age of democracy, and in a free city of great energy and arrogance of spirit. It is easy for you to understand that there can be no freedom where the arts do not flourish, and that the spirit of the arts, diffused throughout a commonwealth, is the source of that creative power and that irresistible dare-deviltry in all adventures—for which your town is famous. But this truth came hard to your ancestors at the time of which I am speaking.

Some of them would have it that the Germans were strong because they were worked by levers and pulleys, that their power in peace and war was pure mechanism. They refused to see that grand-scale mechanical processes put freedom to its crucial test, that the machinery will inevitably clog up and grind its own cogs—if the men that work it, high and low, have not each a measure of discretion and initiative—if in a word, they are not free. They refused to see that pure mechanism was to be found rather in the financial and industrial systems that centred at London and New York—and that it was the lack of freedom in these systems, the lack of the art-feeling, that made them weak. So weak were they, indeed, that they couldn't work at all save through wreckage of lives and a trailing misery—and must forever press outward for fresh lives to consume, in fresh fields of exploitation—on peril of utter panic and collapse.

I'm not saying that the contrast between German business and English or American business was sharply antithetical. On the contrary, it is probably true that the German system, as it stood before the war, was freer and less mechanical, by only a narrow differential. But the difference was *enough* in the hour of fate—enough to demonstrate the principle that changed the face of the world. It was found on trial that the German system could live beleaguered—entirely shut in—that it did not *need* foreign markets and therefore could take them on its own terms; above all that it *did not need to consume its own people*.

Here is the predicament in which the industrial systems of pure mathematics and machinery—the systems of Great Britain and the United States—were caught as in a vise:

They couldn't live without expansion; they couldn't expand without war; they couldn't fight because they enfeebled the workers.

Ponder that thesis, Jack. The new world—your world—is built upon it. Democracy was redeemed by it. And because of the terrible revealing truth of it, this city of Washington has been made a city of light and grace, the capital of a universal friendship—a place of pilgrimage to which all the tribes come up, from the ends of the earth.

V

THE STRUGGLE FOR STRENGTH

To understand the world-transforming character of the great war one must seize the point that the perfection of the machine-process had brought people to a state of massive and fateful togetherness—a fixed and irrevocable solidarity—that gave a new meaning to war. The effect of the inner and outer mechanism that I have described was to compel people to get their living *en masse* or to perish *en masse*.

The machine-process in its beginning had produced a class-struggle in every land. But in the maturity of the process the struggle of class against class became altogether futile and hopeless. The control of the machinery carried with it such power over the livelihood of majorities that all but the vainest visionaries gave up the idea of a proletarian revolution.

Thus the outbreak of the great war marked the end of the class-struggle. Those who understood what had happened perceived that thenceforward civil wars could have no considerable significance—within the circle of the machine economy. The case might be different in Russia, in Africa, or in the Far East. But the countries of western Europe and America could in general count upon domestic peace.

It was seen by discerning men that for the future the life-struggle must be a struggle between *nations*. And this fact carried with it an enormous spiritual gain, for under the machine economy it had come to pass that international wars could not have a character of meaningless waste and moral welter. They could not be *soldiers'* wars. They must needs be *trials of artistic and scientific validity* between competing systems of industry.

Don't you see, Jack? Blind beggars that we were, we had stumbled into an apocalypse. We stood face to face with hell—but we could see green fields and a fair city beyond the flames. God knows it was a shame to us—to be brought to the vision of the sacred walls on such discreditable terms. But we were glad to see them on any terms.

From the hour this truth came to some of us the way was plain. We knew that every blow would tell—that the agony was a travail of redemption.

It was such a heartening thing, to understand that the old, haggard, malignant, care-work plutocracies were done for, and that victory thenceforth was in the hands of artists and engineers. We were sure of this—sure that in the trial of validity and strength between rival systems of industry, the plutocrats and the old-line commercial persons were out of the running. For certainly nothing could stand in the presence of a nation that had put art-passion and the creative will into its machinery—except a nation that was still more resolute to master the inertia and brutality of nature under the hand of the ideal.

You see? Good.

Well, then, let me lead you clear to the top of our hill of vision, where there was a wide view and a wind of heaven. And then, once more, I must rest for a little while.

There are two more steps to take.

First, in the struggle of the nations for preëminent mastery of the machines, we saw that the souls of the people would be set free. The nation would win that was first to clear its politics and business of the last rag and bauble, the last precedent and statute of arbitrary power.

In the striving for the subdual of brute forces to the uses of the human spirit, there is no place for any authority that is not intrinsic and self-vindicating—*the authority of the man that produces the real goods*. Thus the triumph of art and engineering is the achievement of civil liberty. You follow me?

Then second—and this is the most wonderful and beautiful thing of all: If a nation goes deep enough into the stuff and substance of reality, if it frees itself from all authority but the intrinsic right of the earth-wrestler, the Creative Man—*it arrives at the meaning of the Incarnation*.

It is impossible to become a master of materials without becoming a Master of Arts. And the arts know no breeds and no boundaries. They are very human. They are the humanities.

We saw that the nation that should come first to be ruled by artists and engineers—two words for the same thing at bottom—would be a kind of *super-nation*. It would be invincibly strong. And its strength would be spiritual—benignant.

You see how strong we are!

We could drive any other nation off the land and into the sea. *But we won't.*

The United States stands for a universal eirenicon—for conciliation and patience.

We are the Power of Peace.

VI

THE ENGINEERS AGAINST THE LAWYERS

The old candle gutters down in the socket. It seems sometimes as if a breath would blow out the light.

I will hurry on.

You do not miss the pith of what I have been saying? You see, do you not, that the lines were forming—inevitably—for a quite unprecedented kind of political controversy? That the old party-questions, in the United States as in all other countries, were necessarily swept away.

The issue had shaped itself by the force of events. It was not an invention of thinkers—of political speculators. All that was left for men of genius to discover and proclaim was *the simplicity of the issue that history had imposed upon the world.*

It was through the application of science to industry that the Great Machine had come into existence—the *visible* equipment of cunning tools that required wide coöperations and that were useless and meaningless save for *social* action; and the *invisible* equipment, the business-system—the standardized and coördinated states of mind that had been developed through three or four generations in adaptation to the vast social engineries.

In all the long ages that slipped by before the rise of the Great Machine, wars, civil or inter-social, could be waged without limit—for mere loot or in deadly moral devotion to rival theories of theology and politics. Such wars had no definite tendency. They swirled in dizzy, bewildering cycles—*that ended mostly where they began.*

And when the Machine was half-grown—in the middle of the nineteenth century—every nation within the circle of the “great industry” was, as I have said, rent in twain by a class-struggle. The lines were drawn between the appropriators of the Machine, who used it without art or high intelligence—and those that looked upon it as an engine of social subjugation that deserved only to be destroyed and supplanted (at least in its inner and intellectual part) by some form of pure state-craft, Greek, Latin, or Teutonic.

The class-wars were bitter and fruitless. The ceaseless attacks of those who hated the Machine resulted merely in making its operations more completely mechanical—more utterly void of social grace and virtue.

It was found to be impossible for Socialists, Liberals, or Progressives to over-rule the Machine, because they could find no adequate fighting-base *outside of the thing itself.* They could not vote the Machine out of existence for the simple reason that *the daily bread of the majority depended upon its not being even greatly jarred.*

During the prevalence of the class-struggle the markets of the world were subjected to a devastating competition between rival groups each of which strove against the other to raise the price of goods and lower the price of men.

Now, in its essence the class-struggle was a war between idealism and mechanism—a monstrous and abnormal controversy that could not end otherwise than in splitting life in two. Idealism became a mere wistfulness; it was divested of all practicality. *And the machine-process worked—sheer and cruel—in a moral vacuum.*

It was during the bleak and desolate years preceding the outbreak of the great war that the aspect of the world was most appalling—disheartening. Since everywhere in western Europe and America the obvious tendencies ran toward the cheapening of life and the raising of the cost of living, it was as if the hand of man—after striving for so many ages to master the natural difficulties of existence—*were gradually relaxing its earth-grip.*

Economic experts and statisticians went about the world to find reasons. There were legislative and parliamentary commissions. I remember particularly a discomforting British blue-book published in June, 1913. But the explanation was plain enough. The rival groups who ran the business of the several communities were simply *succeeding*. They were accomplishing what they aimed at. They were making goods dear and men cheap.

The business-system had been turned upside down. The administration of credit, which is the soul of modern business, was working *against civilization*—for the aggrandizement of a creditor-class.

Of course that sort of thing couldn't go on indefinitely. The human race has surprising capacities of ineptitude. But there are limits.

The big war broke like a crashing storm—and cleared the air. So sunk had we been in mental besotment that we had to have our thoughts turned to the possibilities of killing each other across frontier lines before we could be brought to think seriously about

economizing life at home. It seems unbelievable, as I say it now. But it was so.

You see it was because of the maturing of the machine-process and the consequent abatement of the old class-antagonism that the schism between idealism and mechanism, between politics and business, between art and science—began to close up. It was that mental schism that had made such fools of us; and with the healing of it we were restored to sanity.

The machine-economy first came to maturity in the German Empire. It was there that the class-antagonism began first to abate. And it was there that the emotion of creative art was first applied on a grand scale to the materials of science. The forces of political idealism were geared to the machine of business.

As soon as this prodigious thing happened in *one* country it was a foregone conclusion that it must happen in *all* countries. In order to live on the same planet with Germany, it was necessary that Great Britain, France and the United States should—with whatever reluctance—*reverse the current of their internal competition.*

It became necessary—absolutely necessary—to be strong. And no nation can be strong if the main drive of business energy is spent in making goods dear and men cheap. The current must work the other way. Life must be economized, must be held precious—*must be made as dear as possible.* And the *necessaries* of life must be made *cheap.*

We understood that Germany had barely made a beginning in this economy of life—that she was a mere limping cripple in the race for strength. But, confound it, *we* had not made a real *beginning.* *We were not even entered for the race.*

We determined to have a share in this new kind of competition. And it was only necessary to look at Germany to discover the *principle* of the new game—the way to make a beginning at it.

The problem was, of course, to release the pent-up creative forces of the people—to achieve a condition of the freest possible

personal initiative in all kinds of productive work—in a word, *the maximum voltage of enterprise.*

Now the economic discovery that Germany had made, when searched to the bottom, turned out to be this: In order to intensify *productive* competition it is necessary that *commercial* competition shall be socially restricted.

The Germans seem to have stumbled upon this discovery by a high kind of instinct. Their men of large affairs had hardly grasped it as an intellectual proposition. No German philosopher or economist, so far as I know, expatiated on the simple human truth that it's so much easier to make money by trade than by work—so much easier to exploit the minds of men than the materials of nature—that it stands to reason that commercial competition will absorb the energy of personal ambition and sap the life out of the earth-struggle—in any country where trade is “free.” It was left for us in the United States to apply, in its vast implications, the meaning of this principle. The country was already awake to the fact that the “free trade” issue had been falsely posed and that the kind of social restriction of trade that had been achieved in our protective tariff was all in the interest of the traders rather than the workers. However, we had an inkling of the right idea in the old Interstate Commerce Commission and the new commission on Federal Trade. The new Federal Reserve banking organization also carried an impressive suggestion of socialized credit and commerce. So, altogether, the country was prepared for a clear doctrine on the whole subject.

You realize, I suppose, that the administration of credit—the banking business—had already become the very core of commerce. Thus the socializing of trade involved the socializing of the bank.

Now, I'm going to give you, in carefully considered words, a succinct statement of the theory of the new economic order as we worked it out—an order planned to beat Germany at the business-game, by long odds.

Please listen attentively, and remember the propositions, if possible.

Yes, that's good. I'll go slow—while you write it down:

When the credit-commerce process is socialized by governmental fiat and on a gross, national scale—as in the war-policy of England and France—the advantage gained is narrowly limited by the fact that the business system is not naturally amenable to merely external and arbitrary laws.

Second, the advantage may be increased by any reduction of the area of the socialized unit that gives the natural and unofficial law of the business world a better chance to operate. Thus, third, socialized credit-administration can be best engineered from the natural centre of the credit and commerce of some such local area as that of a city, county or small State.

Fourth, such an area should be regarded as a self-contained economic unit—a municipal business-plant—for *the increase of the purchasing power of a day's work*.

Fifth, as a matter of natural selection and the free play of social forces, the persons operating the municipal credit-centre will be those who are most believed in and trusted for practical purposes.

Sixth, they will constitute in effect a permanent and organic political primary, and will wield the real power of local government—whatever the official forms of government may be.

Seventh, the market will be completely subjected to organized public intelligence. The whole industrial output or any part of it, at the discretion of the public authority, will be cartelized—bought and sold on public account. And a similar rule will be applied to goods coming into the community from outside. There will be no right of private buying and selling that can be maintained against the public right.

Eighth, the result will be a competition of unexampled intensity—among individuals to win wealth and credit *by the prosecution of every possible improvement in the productive process*—and among rival communities, for the same end.

Ninth, city will bid against city for population and for the possession of the most capable and interesting human beings. They will be compelled to do so, and the bidding will be sharp and high—because under such conditions men can and will refuse to live in places where lives and talents are relatively cheap and cramped. On the other hand incompetence and dishonesty in the

administration of a community will invite an influx of incompetent and dishonest people, and will be registered in a decline in real estate and in all invested values.

There, that's the blueprint we worked by. And you can see, by looking around you, that we kept to the specifications. We put an end to the shambling, sprawling licentiousness of credit and commerce that stifled all economic liberty in the nineteenth century and made fruitful competition impossible. We restored and developed the ancient *rivalry of communities*—the kind of competition that built Athens and Alexandria, Venice and Florence and all the free cities of the Renaissance.

We opened a career once more for great personal ambitions—the generous passion for fame. For wealth, too. Rockefeller and Carnegie—you have heard the names, I think—were beggars in real economic power compared with our great city-builders, the credit-masters of Chicago, New York and Washington.

I remember a certain banker in Wall Street in those old days—a man with a universal reputation. I won't tell you his name; it's no matter. There's nothing about him memorable now, except that he understood—and turned away. He understood what the mass of the bankers and brokers did not understand—that modern wealth does not consist in the possession of gold or goods, but wholly and solely in the possession of credit. He had a vision of the new and world-renewing career that was possible to him if he could free himself from the service of Shylock, from the wiles of oily promoters and the property-plaints of pampered widows and orphans. He saw that the way was open to him—if he dared—to become a really first-rate banker, that with such faculties as his one might in the new day that was coming be a master of creative finance, with a universal credit in material affairs like Shakespeare's in the realm of imagery. He effaced the vision, turned away and is forgotten.

No, the men that established the new credit-power were not from Wall Street. Nor were their minds formed in the grooves of politics. One can't even say that the present financial predominance of Washington is due to its political tradition—except

that that tradition kept the District of Columbia free from much that was petty in politics, and made more feasible the militant university movement of 1920—which quadrupled the area of the District and instituted the kind of municipal government that has set a pattern for so many other great towns.

But I am much too discursive and am wasting my strength. What I want to do is to describe to you the *thoughts*, the *motives*, of the Great Change. You have heard all your life about the *events*. I want you to know how we *reasoned* and how we *felt* about it.

So, then, I have given you some sort of an idea—with all my rambling—as to where some of us stood at the beginning of the year 1916. We were in the midst of the “preparedness” movement. Congress—the whole country—was seething with anxiety about the question how to make the nation strong. Naturally the engineers were to some extent called on to give advice. And that was the hour for our *tour de force*.

You understand that the engineering profession had at that time already developed a dozen branches and spread all over the field of chemistry and physics. It included every kind of application of science to industry. American engineers were called on to tackle the toughest problems in every quarter of the globe. We were full of pride and confidence and had begun to feel that the machine-age was somehow peculiarly *our* age, that the lawyers and the clergy had had their turn and that our inning had come.

We felt the constraint of financial servitude—our *peonage* to corporation underwriters and the mere desk-men of big business, who were growing every year more abstract and documentary and less competent in the outdoor matters of constructive enterprise. Press, pulpit, platform and public library were full of the praises of these men—so far at least as their energy and intellect were concerned. It was left for a later generation to understand that the praises were like those of the soothsayers of Persian princes, and that the energy and intellect stood at the level of the flatterers.

Of course, the engineering profession, as it was then, can't be

compared in social prestige and civil authority with its present estate. But we were out on the high-road. We had formed large associations and were feeling our way to the social consciousness that was destined later to play so striking a rôle in the political history of the United States and of the world.

I think it was in 1913 that the engineering societies of the whole country were moved to get together for a continuing conference on the subject of education. Our feeling was that the educational system, the whole cultural outfit of the country, was too clerical and classical; it failed to inculcate what seemed to us the modern spirit, the characteristic American spirit—*the spirit of creative enterprise*.

You see, there's something about the psychology of the engineering business that was prophylactic against the current political and financial superstitions of that time—and prophetic of the new age that was trying, through such travail, to get itself born. So it happened that through all our palaver about the war in the New York engineers' clubs, we gradually veered away from the orthodox Wall Street view of the issues, and came to see more or less clearly most of what I have been telling you.

It came to pass, therefore, that when this "preparedness" question became the engrossing and cleaving issue in the presidential campaign of 1916, when all the old party lines were pretty nearly sponged out and the mind of the country was fixed on the single question—"How to be strong"—the engineers were ready with an engineers' answer.

And it was natural, too, that the lawyers—who had for the most part ruled our politics in the past—should be ready with a *lawyers'* answer.

The presidential issue of 1916 was fought out on lines marked by the sharply contrasting mentality of these two professions.

Of course, national defence meant to the lawyers *the defence of vested interests*. In general, their one thought was *to erect an impenetrable shield behind which we could go on doing business as usual*.

The engineers rejected that view. We cited considerations

made so obvious by contemporaneous events that it seemed for a moment that even the lawyers might be impressed by them. I don't care to recount those considerations, even at this late day. From a certain point of view they were unpleasant. And you know I still belong to London clubs.

No—said the engineers—according to our usual ways of doing business, we are not capable of manufacturing an impenetrable shield. Along the lines we are working on, we shall make wars, *but we shall not win them*. Our business is belligerent. But the kind of fighting machine it can produce is fit only for peace at any price. They said: we can't hope to get high-tensioned working- and fighting-power out of an industrial and commercial system managed by the trustees of investors, mainly in the interest of a leisure class and with a financial strategy that is careless of physics and physiology and intent only on building the tallest possible stock-and-bond tower upon a shrinking base of real values. They said: we must change all that. We must renovate the system. For our part as engineers we don't quarrel with the machineries of production as they stand. We modestly concede they are great; we made them ourselves. Nor do we disapprove of the intellectual mechanism of business—the categories of capital, credit, contract and corporate organization. They, too, are scientific, and have been elaborated in accordance with intrinsic laws. What we object to is that these admirable machineries in their ensemble should be worked by lawyers, brokers and money-lenders—*who don't understand them*. This has happened, no doubt, largely because of our own shortcomings. Engineers in the past have been unequal to the demands of civilization in its larger aspects. But we have decided now *to grow*. We are going to be more social—more human. We perceive that we have *got to grow*—or else that all our minor works will be undone by bunglers. Already such men as Goethals and Gorgas, in various parts of the world, have been able to organize a commonwealth as well as to make a ditch or a dam. And we now accept the most exacting challenge of the machine-age. *We propose to reorganize the working-system of the United States.*

VII

THE GREAT MOBILIZATION

That's what we said, and people seemed to understand that we meant well, and had got our cuffs turned back.

We pitched the key of a new politics—frank, hard—scornful of the old slathering sentimentalities and sneaking subterfuges. We laughed at the idea that millions of honest ballot-boxers, morally disorganized, scrupulously atomized, coming together annually at the shout and rally of two or three kinds of professional politicians—could do anything political except legalize their shame. We scattered the “scholars in politics,” the intriguing and pharisaic “fusionists” and the top-lofty “good-government” clubs. We insisted that men should go into politics as they go to war—not merely with their ideas and aspirations, or their conscientious tithes of social duty—but with their whole lives and fortunes and what they deem their honor. Our politics moved with the spirit of the barricade and the Vigilance Committee. We forced everybody out into the open and compelled him to stand up for the things he really cared about. We made the invisible government visible. It had to show its hand.

You understand, of course, that the hand held by the old-line men of large affairs was not altogether what the sports call a “four-flush”. There were men among them—not many—who might be called civilizers, even according to historical and universal standards. But the actual operators of large business concerns were in general subjected to the erratic and arbitrary control of financiers whose science and social intelligence expressed itself in a highly sophisticated jargon of technical phrases, and was about as futile for practical purposes as the lore of oriental yogis. The financiers were, indeed, thoroughly oriental in their fatalism. They sat waiting and watching for panic or prosperity as the ancient augurs contemplated the entrails of animals or the flight of birds. Finance was regarded as a great mystery and these gentlemen complacently accepted the rôle of mystagogues. They had no understanding of the active and affirmative principle

of finance as a social science—no notion that the spasms of alternating business “confidence” and “timidity” constituted a curable disease—no conception of the possibility of *stabilizing* credit.

But I wander a little. The point I started to make is that the big manufacturers and merchants were a good sort, on the whole, that they were not unwilling to show their hand, that they had endured for so many years the obscurant and mysterious government of “high finance” mainly because they were themselves under the thralldom of it as completely as were the engineers and the mechanic class—and finally that the high financiers also were the victims of their own ignorance and were tangled in their own complicated rites and ceremonies like a decadent priesthood.

Thus when we set up our standard of economic politics—inviting men to mass their real interests, material and ideal, for the mobilizing of the creative forces of the country—we found that America was full of Americans. They came from every class and from all quarters.

We pointed out the fact that there was a thing called a political Machine already extant in most American towns. We praised the realism of this thing—its manly confession that people have bodies as well as souls—submitting, however, that from the point of view of a competent engineer, it was a mighty *poor* machine. We took that thing—and transformed it. We made it work for civilization—and in the open air.

You know what the idea was. You see the thing now everywhere—only much greater, much finer than we conceived. How ideas do grow! Like gourds! When they are rooted in history and in the necessity of times and seasons. Who would have thought that our crude adventure—a thin and spindling stalk—like the sprouting of the hope of Abélard, in his loneliness and exile—was to grow into a revival, a fulfilment of the primary *university-idea*?

Yet, so it is, as you see. In Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and so on—a thousand other towns—made quite livable—quite human.

You have an association of engineers, many kinds of engineers—the idea much deepened, universalized—what the men of

the twelfth century called *magistri artium*—a perpetual conspiracy to build the city and subdue the earth—and to arrest the humbugs.

We called the thing—from 1920 onward—the university militant. And it is indeed militant, to this day—altogether fit to fight. Its preparedness is unimpeachable. We liked the phrase, “the organic political primary”—as if it were the germ-cell of society—all alive. It did very well without buildings or endowments. It can exist—entire—without these. And that is why it has clothed itself gorgeously and has become the creator of marvellous structures. Such buildings! In New York, in San Francisco—finer, I think, in some respects than Rheims or Chartres! What would Abélard say, if he could see? Or Alcuin—and his master, Charlemagne?

I’m glad—I helped.

No, no, don’t move. I want nothing—but to finish. I am perfectly comfortable.

I’m afraid I must hurry, after all—with the nub of the story—how we won the fight in 1916—though we seemed for a time to have lost it.

We backed the Administration—naturally. Wilson had seemed to some of us a little slow. But he was gold at the showdown. He kept the line of the Mobile speech and followed it to the end. All that was alive in the universities—what they *called* universities in those days—went with him. That was his old game. He was master in it. I can hear the yawp of the college boys in Broadway: “America first—three cheers for the engineers!” It was years afterward that they began to say what is now so familiar: “The University, the Free City and the Federation of the World!”

It was necessary in those days for a President to yield a good deal to the financial powers. Really there was no other current to float his boat on. And that current was terribly urgent. But Wilson in 1916 wasn’t fighting for the presidency. He was fighting for the strength—the life—of the country. He was in front of everything. He bore the shock.

I wish I had breath to tell you the whole story.

There was great turmoil—much violence—but that is not important. Not the least. They thought they were right, I suppose. We remembered no grudges.

I particularly meant to tell you of certain extraordinary moral features of that unprecedented year. You have read much about it. But nobody has caught, in print, the soul of it—or explained how it was that ideas, once so inert, sterile, became fecund, prolific, at the touch of a great emotion.

There were, for example, certain words of Secretary Lane's annual report to the President, of December, 1915, that lived and grew—like a flame. The immense resources of the country, lying there out-of-doors, untouched—a treasure unclaimed. The vast latent powers of the public credit, unused for any productive purpose—as if some jealous wizard of private finance had cast a prohibitive spell over them.

"I make bold to hope that no other policy of this government may be allowed to stay the internal development of this country." That's the way Lane's report began. I remember the words very well. He meant to say, of course, that the kind of army we needed most was a *working* army—to fight the deserts and the floods.

The New York *Times* had said there were lands as wide as kingdoms in the United States that had "never heard a locomotive whistle" and were not likely to hear one—that the railroads that might have been built here were going to be built with American money in foreign lands, through a fifty-million-dollar corporation that had just been formed in Wall Street—because the speculators and promoters had been "cured of enterprise at home" ("cured" was the word; that's the way the *Times* people thought of it) "by the limitations that had been put upon profits."

I suppose it was Lane's report that put it into our heads that we could flank the big-army-and-navy crowd by going in for militarism on our own account, and in our own way. It seemed to us absurd to say that the public credit must not be used as *working capital*—must not be invested in permanent improvements—

must not be touched for any purpose but war and waste. We proposed to use it to finance our kind of a fighting force, a force organized in the spirit of a militant art and science, a fighting university—cleared of the cloister, and pressing its arms and tools out against the frontiers of poverty and death.

The nation had wood and iron, coal and oil, nitrates and phosphates—irrigable deserts and arable wildernesses—that belonged to all of us—a common fortune. Why should we not *kill* poverty—hunger, rags, houselessness—as soldiers kill their adversaries?

That's what we determined to do. In a way it was like the beginning of the Crusades—but immeasurably different. Like the origin of the Order of Chivalry, or the rise of the earliest universities at Bologna, Salerno, Paris—like Mazzini's preaching of the gospel of Young Italy and Young Europe—or the movement of Lamennais, Montalembert and Lacordaire. But all such historical comparisons utterly fail. For never before, I think, in all the world, in all history, had the faith, the passionate idealism of a people, taken a direction so grimly realistic.

There was no touch of fanaticism. The leaders were a disillusioned lot—hating fine words, hypnotic phrases—utopias. Perhaps the whole thing is best understood as a passionate *revolt from utopias*.

The American people were sick, to nausea, of platonic politics—eighteenth century formulas—utopian constitutions—the lawyers' dream of passionless justice in a perfect state. The war had somehow exposed the futility, the mockery of the puristic ideology that was represented by such men as Eliot of Harvard, and Elihu Root. The time had fully come to make trial of a really *practical* politics. The ancient a-priorism that had dominated the whole world of politics for so many centuries, gave way at last to the modern spirit. Politics became pragmatic.

We abandoned the sentimental kind of democracy, the mass-worship and all that. We didn't wait for the crowd to say what it wanted. Crowds never say.

We assumed that the crowd wanted to be led by men who knew the way. We knew the way. And we were intent upon

getting forward—not upon being followed. We gave the crowd governors that were not out to master men—but materials.

Such servants have a right to rule. They have the power also. We proved it. We proved that men bent on delivering the real goods are close kin, and so naturally can hang together. There is no bond like that. Oaths and treaties are nothing to it. We were a Macedonian phalanx in every town.

“Consent of the governed”—of course. We expected everybody to consent to that kind of a government.

Everybody did.

I’m afraid I must give it up, Jack. I shall not be able to explain to you in full—to-day—the whole process. How the centre of social influence, of financial credit, of political power—came to be one and the same thing—in every village. It didn’t happen in a year, of course. But swiftly—it wasn’t planned and labored through—was something above engineering—rather like chemistry.

I haven’t strength to go into the matter—how this new and all-correlating centre of the life of American communities was felt to be prefigured—long prepared for—by the public school. Wilson had understood it, after a fashion—had declared it years before. But it was a thing women seemed to understand better than men. The romance, the thrill of it is felt now—as you know—in the name of Margaret Wilson. She is, to this generation, the best-remembered lady of the White House. Dolly Madison has become so shadowy—the mere rustle of a silken gown.

I should like to make clear how the national movement, in the years from 1916 to about ’25—from the Federal Government—was met and interfused with another movement quite different—spontaneous and unofficial—coming up out of the towns.

It’s difficult for you to understand how important it was—historically—our solution of the problem of the *mobile* state—immense fluency—liberty such as the old political philosophers had never dreamed of—and yet withal, a correlation of personal

and local forces, far more perfect, more powerful than was ever achieved by Prussia—or by Imperial Rome.

The centre of credit passed from Wall Street to Washington; and Washington became the clearing-house of the whole world. But, understand, the power of Washington is so great, so incomparable, simply because it moves and works in accordance with a law that is not arbitrary—that stands for no advantage, no privilege—but is written in the nature of man and the nature of things.

You see we went quite to the root of the disease. No mere medicating of the symptoms would do. We set out to create a real democracy—to abolish privilege. And privilege is only another name for arbitrary law.

I have told you we approved of the business-system in its essential meaning—its ground-plan. It had been corrupted. We restored it to itself.

For we saw that this way of relating men to each other, the way of credit and contract, was by rights the most effectual way of spiritual renewal—that is, of freedom. It liquefies and vaporizes all forms of arbitrary law, as the sun melts ice. There is no place in it for privilege or involuntary servitude—no chance for the subjection of one man's will or fortune to another man's.

Thus, the United States, as you see it to-day, would seem to one coming from that earlier time as a transfigured system of business—a system freed not only from fraud and duress, but also from the constraint of everything that *he* would call politics. Its springs of authority and governmental power are not in the fitful wills and fleeting opinions of the crowd. Sovereignty is lodged in the local centres of credit. And credit is scientifically—humanly—stabilized.

No, don't worry. Give me ten minutes more, and I shall find a good place to stop.

It was in the administration of credit that we found the living soul of the business-system. It was there—as you see—that we invested the moral valor of modern life—the imperious passion

for good workmanship—the categorical imperative of the creative spirit.

A man's credit at the bank now represents—as you can bear witness—something like what he is really *worth*—his importance to civilization. He has social and political influence in that proportion. We have solved the social problem of the nineteenth century by making wealth unattainable by any but masters of creative forces and organizers of well-being. *After that, we have consented to be ruled by the rich.* It's very simple.

Yet, so far as I know, nobody in the nineteenth century thought of such a thing. It was taken for granted that wealth must always be more or less malignant—a thing to be guarded against by the champions of the people, and warded off by the massed action of the blameless poor. This is the point I want to impress upon you. This is the quintessence of the Great Change. We were blinded by that damnable sham culture which doted on the idea of an eternal severance between the ideal and the real, between right and might. That's why the nineteenth century couldn't conceive of such a thing as the frank legitimation of the power of riches.

We are strong in this country—strong to the extreme limit of human possibility—because we have a union in which every man has *just all the power he can handle.*

We took the advice of those who urged us in 1916 to make the army and navy useful in industry and commerce. But we hadn't gone far before we discovered that we had got the thing upside down. You cannot graft the energy of the arts upon a trunk of arbitrary power. Our army and navy had to be made over completely—on another plan.

We gave up trying to make a terrible killing-machine—to be used between whiles for ploughing and portage. We found we were more formidable to the enemies of liberty when the killing business was made quite secondary. We proved that the highest power is purged of all pugnacity.

Thus a predominant and invincible control of the forces of chemistry and physics has passed into the hands of a people that forgot its enemies and engrossed itself in the practical arts.

I'm sorry I can't tell you more now about the personalities of the Great Time. I could say things that might be memorable—though the books about it all are everywhere.

Our part—the engineers that made the skeleton of the thing—may well be covered up—forgotten. We don't care. *We* know it's *there*.

It was a good job—every girder and column level and plumb. The stress and strain—figured with proper allowance for accidents—every rivet tight.

No, don't bother. What's the use? I'm done.

It was really a particularly good job. And I helped—considerably. That's satisfactory. There's a kind of immortality in it. A very *good* kind.

No, no, positively I won't. Hang up the receiver. That's a good boy. I'm beyond doctors. Spun out to the finest filament.

You see we didn't *have* to fight Germany or England or Japan. Not at all. We butchered death and hell—at *home*.

We gave you a great country. Any one can see now that *we* were not the *Little* Americans. It was the other fellows. Most assuredly. Roosevelt—and the rest.

Are you there still, Jack?

The light—is out.

You will explain to the youngsters—how it was.

THE MAN OF MYSTERY

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

THE house in which we lived at the time occupied one corner of a block, the rest of which lay vacant. The windows of our main rooms were on the side of the house, set at right angle to the street. My desk stood by one of the windows, so that I had only to turn my head in order to have a clear view of the street up to the avenue and beyond. Down that street I heard and saw him come every weekday for a year, until we moved to another place.

Pedlars of every kind were numerous on that street, and most of them made an ugly noise of some kind. I hated them all, and sometimes, when I was trying very hard to get my mind working and nothing would come, my hatred of those intruders rose to a murderous pitch. He was the only one who never seemed to annoy me in any respect. And yet he was incessantly ringing the bell carried in his right hand, and three times during his passage down the block he would stop and blow a short, slightly dissonant flourish on the bugle held by his left hand.

I can still recall the first time I became aware of his existence. We had only been in the house a few days, and I had not yet tried to get to work. He must have been a couple of blocks away when I caught the first faint tinkle of his bell. Thinking it might be a fire engine, I stopped to listen, but as he drew nearer, the regular beat of the bell made me realize my mistake. That strange, almost hypnotical monotony also aroused my curiosity, however. There were three slow, quavering peals of the bell, and then one quick, sharp stroke. This figure was constantly repeated without the least variation in rhythm or sequence.

Just as the man came in sight at the end of the block, he stopped for a moment, ceased swinging the bell to and fro, put a bugle to his lips and blew a rather plaintive flourish—a dozen notes in all. The sound of it was not unpleasant, but it startled me a little that first time, I remember. Later I discovered that

the flourish of the bugle was as rigidly fixed as the ringing of the bell.

We were living on the fourth floor, whence it was not easy to get a good view of people in the street. It was rendered the more difficult in this case because the man was walking with the upper part of his body awkwardly bent forward, a huge grinder's wheel being suspended on his back. And all the time he kept his face turned downward, so that I could see nothing but a shapeless cap pushed very far back on his head and a few wisps of light-colored hair. Even when he stopped to blow his bugle, he did so without raising his head. Then, after waiting about thirty seconds in silent immobility, he would resume the ringing of his bell and start walking at the same time. He walked as he rang—like a machine.

Day after day I watched him. The sight of him fascinated me. I caught myself looking forward expectantly to his daily appearance. At first my attention was chiefly held by the clock-like precision of all his movements. But gradually I began to speculate about him. I wondered particularly if he ever had had or would have a customer, and I marvelled at his patience. For I never saw anybody pay the slightest heed to him while he was passing along the street below our windows. Nor did I ever see him betray the slightest concern at this lack of patronage.

The blind faith of the man—what I took to be his never-dying hope that some day somebody might open a window overhead and call down to him while he was making one of his customary pauses—provoked me at times, but more often it filled me with admiration and envy. I came to look upon him as the one true optimist in a world too much given to doubt and despondency. But as a rule sheer curiosity predominated in my mind.

It seemed ridiculous that the block in which we lived should be the only one that never offered him anything to do. It seemed even more ridiculous that he should wander along like that, block after block, day after day, without *ever* getting anything to do. In such a case, what could he be living on? And why should he keep up a perfectly hopeless pursuit? In the end

this itching curiosity became irresistible. One day, as my ear caught the distant clangor of his ever busy bell, I rushed into the hallway, grabbed a hat from the rack, and plunged downstairs.

I reached the street door in plenty of time, so that I got a good look at him as he approached—walking and ringing mechanically, monotonously—stopping to blow his bugle—then waiting thirty seconds in perfect stillness—but never once turning his head to look solicitously in any direction.

Even when he came quite close to me, the forward bent of his head prevented me from seeing anything but those wisps of light-colored hair and a pair of very high cheekbones that protruded like pink knobs on either side of his face. The hand that held the bell was almost black with dirt, but across the back of it a fresh scar showed redly. His clothing was poor, but not ragged, and evidently of American make. The pointed shoes alone looked as if they might be foreign.

When he had passed me—which he did without showing any consciousness of my presence—and was a score of steps away, I began to follow him. For more than half an hour I kept within the same distance of him, walking when he walked and stopping when he stopped. Whether he knew himself pursued I cannot tell, but I hardly think it probable. At least, there was no indication of concern in his behavior.

His route zigzagged through the neighborhood as I had expected it would. Having walked five or six blocks straight ahead, unheedingly as always, he would suddenly turn to the right or left and walk a couple of blocks in the new direction, before he turned once more and doubled back on his former track, paralleling it along a dozen or a score of blocks, maybe—and so on endlessly, until my soul and my legs grew equally weary of it. I couldn't make out whether his course was planned with any kind of method, but I had a strong impression that he was shaping it haphazardly, as the spur of the moment impelled him this way or that. And I wondered whether, after all, those frequent turns might not be the outcome of some vaguely felt impatience or nervousness.

At last a new impulse of my own caused me to overtake

him. As I drew up beside him, I spoke in what was intended to be a matter-of-course tone. But for some inexplicable reason my lips were very dry, making it rather hard to speak, and my voice trembled a little.

"A moment, please," was all I could think of saying.

At the sound of my voice he made an abrupt, yet quiet, turn that brought him to the curb. Even then he moved more like an automaton than a man. Stepping from the sidewalk into the street, he jerked the big wheel from his back and placed it near the curb ready for operation. Then he looked up at me for the first time and said in a queerly soft, purring voice:

"Grrrrind k-nife?"

A mass of light hair hung down his low forehead, partly curtaining his eyes without causing him to brush it away. Eyebrows he had none, so far as I could see. His eyes were blue. I had expected to find them limpid and doglike, but instead they were very pale, very clear, and very steady. They seemed void of any tangible expression, and yet there was in them none of that vacancy which betrays the defective mind. Their glance met my searching look as if our encounter had been the most natural thing in the world. The features of his smooth-shaven face, with the high cheekbones showing rather less prominently in the new position, were commonplace and told very little about his character, though they carried a strong suggestion of Finnish or Slavonic race. When he spoke, his teeth showed very white and regular. Apparently he was a man of about thirty.

Putting my right hand into my trousers pocket to find my knife, I asked:

"You speak English, don't you?"

"Anyt'ing grrrrind?" he rejoined, leaving me as wise as before.

I tried German, French, and even Swedish—for if he were a Finlander, he might easily know a few words of the last mentioned language—but in response to each new question he merely shook his head. Then, while still looking straight at me in the same placid, expressionless manner, he repeated once more:

"Grrrrind k-nife?"

"All right," I said, pulling out my knife. "I think it needs it. How long will it take, do you think?"

Again he shook his head as he took the knife out of my hand and began to examine its three blades. Having tried them on one of his finger nails, he proceeded to sharpen them with unmistakable expertness. His preoccupation could not have been more complete if I had not been there at all. And I waited in silence, wondering how he would manage to convey the price of his work.

He was done much more quickly than I had expected. Then, before giving me back the knife, he raised his clenched hand, and spread and closed the five fingers of it twice in rapid succession. Although I understood that he was asking a dime, and although I had one available, I took out a quarter. He stared at it a moment and shook his head. I guessed he had no change.

"Never mind the change," I said, but without letting any movement whatever accompany my words.

He promptly reached out his hand for the coin, saying as it disappeared into one of his pockets:

"T'ank."

There was no surprise, no joy, no eagerness even, either in his voice or in his manner. And before I could say another word, he was sounding his customary flourish on the bugle in renewed forgetfulness of my presence. Not knowing what else to do, I walked off in the direction of my home. A moment later I heard the familiar, monotonous beat of his bell fading away gradually in the distance.

It was the first and last time I spoke to him. It was the first and last time I ever saw him make any money. On two subsequent occasions I tracked him across a considerable part of his daily route, and each time with the same negative result. Not once was he spoken to by anybody. Not once did he look to the right or left in search of work. When we moved out of the neighborhood, he was still making his daily appearance in the block, stopping three times to blow his bugle as he passed along it. He had been coming down that street in the same way long before we moved into it, I learned from other people, and for all I know he may still be covering the same daily route.

As I recall him, he stands to my mind one of the most puzzling mysteries it has ever encountered. Once or twice I have thought seriously of taking up his track again in order to pursue it to the day's bitter end, no matter where or when that might come. Thus I could ascertain with reasonable likelihood whether he ever earned anything or not. And I have been aching to find out where and how he lived, what he did when not walking the streets, what friends he had, if any, and so on. But on second, sober thought the task has always been abandoned as too arduous.

More frequently I have thought of writing a story that would, in a striking and plausible manner, solve the mystery of that man to the satisfaction of my own mind at least. But in the end I have invariably found the mystery itself more attractive than any pretended solution. And in that state, as a mystery defying solution, I have determined to leave it.

FRANK HARRIS: HIS BOOK

MICHAEL MONAHAN

IN his bold free-hand sketch of Carlyle, the first in his book of "Contemporary Portraits," * Frank Harris gives a capital illustration of his improved Socratic method of interviewing, or rather of turning journalism into Art. It is an interesting process and does not lack its hazards. The reader shall judge the degree of his success. I can at least promise him that he will follow Mr. Harris to the last page—not always perhaps without protest or exasperation.

But to our author's method—his modest idea of sinking the reporter in the Artist. It is clear at least that he did not fail to deal himself good hands in his play with the great. True, he begins rather diffidently with Carlyle, but he waxes ever bolder as he goes on. First note this extract in which he gives a new version of Carlyle's comparison of Jesus and Shakespeare:

"Do you think Shakespeare greater than Jesus?" I asked.

"Indeed I do," was the emphatic reply, "and so do you." I shook my head but he persisted. "What do we know of Jesus? Just naething and learned people tell us that all the best phrases put in his mouth were old sayings of Jewish sages, and the testimony of the Gospels is of the weakest—altaegither untrustworthy."

"I do not want any testimony," I cried. "The best sayings of Jesus all belong to one mind, a mind of the rarest. Greatness is its own proof. No two Jews were ever born who could have said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' or 'Much shall be forgiven her for she loved much.'"

"Humph," he grunted, "I prefer Shakespeare; he was larger, richer."

"Perhaps," I replied, "but Jesus went deeper."

"I don't admit it," he persisted. "All that Jewish morality was tribal, narrow; 'an eye for an eye,' stupid, pedantic formula, and the Christian 'turn the other cheek'—mere absurdity. I see no greatness in any of it."

"'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone,'" I replied, "is great enough, and modern to boot." But he would not let me continue; he had got the decisive argument clear at last.

"Man, he had no humor," he cried, shaking his hand, "Jesus had no

* Contemporary Portraits by Frank Harris. Illustrated by Mitchell Kennerley.

Falstaff in him. I wadna gie the ragged company for all the disciples;" and again the deep-set eyes danced.

I tried to put forward some other reasons, but he would not listen; he repeated, "He had no Falstaff in him, no Falstaff!"—and he chuckled.

It may be worth noting that Carlyle has nowhere sponsored this remarkable (many would say blasphemous) opinion in print, and it depends on hearsay, though doubtless it is as well authenticated as need be. The version attributed to Milburne the blind preacher was published many years ago; it is much briefer and has less "literature" about it than the one here given.

Mr. Harris as an interlocutor shows up still stronger in the following excerpt from the same paper on Carlyle.

"I wonder you admire Goethe so much," I broke out. "His pose as the high and mighty Trismegistus kills him for me as it killed him for Heine. I always see him in his court dress, bestarred, beribboned, bepowdered, sitting on the old feudal wall, dangling buckled pumps and plump calves above the heads of common folk. He had too easy a time of it in life, had Goethe. . . . You remember how Beethoven reproached Goethe for flunkysm. The great man should not play flunky, nor have flunkies about him."

Carlyle looked at me. "Ye're a born rebel," he said, as if astonished; "but there's some truth in what ye say. Goethe was a master of realities and perhaps paid too much attention to them. But I owed him a great deal, the wide-eyed one: he saw everything, accepted everything, conquered everything—a victorious Bringer of the Light; our modern Prometheus."

"Prometheus suffered a martyrdom," I cried; "the light came from his own agony; this man got podgy fat. He was a real thinker, of course, a great man; but he was too pompous and self-admiring to be a hero. He might have stood on his feet outside the feudal castle; but he climbed up the wall with strain of hands and toes, and sat there contentedly; while Heine—well, you know what Heine did to the feudal wall," and I laughed irreverently.

"Heine!" cried Carlyle, stopping abruptly in his walk: "Heine was a dirty Jew pig!" . . .

"Heine," I burst out, "Heine was the first of the moderns; one of the divine; a master of wit and poetry; a lord of laughter and of tears."

"A dirty Jew pig!" He repeated the words as if speaking impersonally: he loved argument as only a Scot can love it.

"What do you mean?" I cried.

"He was animal, dirty," repeated Carlyle, and I remarked his long obstinate upper lip.

"Dirty as you and I and all men are dirty," I replied: "you remember the French proverb—*bon animal, bon homme!*"

"Your French are dirty, too," he persisted, "but not I nor all men."

There is more of this, give and take to the end, and the effect is bewildering to many persons who perhaps thought that they knew their Carlyle. I confess to being one of the astounded many who find it difficult to accept this variant of the Carlylean legend. Remembering so much that we have read concerning the anfractuosités of Tammás the Tetchy, we can but marvel at his forbearance with Mr. Harris—surely not a brother Titan! In truth the exhibition hardly seems in character with the Carlyle pictured by Froude and others, whose habit it was not to brook dissent from any one and who loved to storm contradiction into silence. But perhaps Mr. Harris has played the artist rather than the reporter (his own phrase) in producing this interview. The reader has no right to complain if he finds it good entertainment—and it must be allowed that Mr. Harris rarely fails to entertain.

Mr. Harris's "portrait" of Whistler is very engaging, and the assumption of personal intimacy with the distinguished subject does not detract from its charm. Mr. Harris is indeed never absent from the picture, and in some of the portraits he bulks almost as large as his proper subject; but for all that I would not say that he abuses his privilege. He is adroitly successful in showing us the mundane side of Whistler—the side he best understood and which I suspect he would have been glad to copy. He descants upon the rapier-like wit of the artist, his "fiery combativeness" in asserting his favorite esthetic theories, and the fear his terrible tongue commanded in society. Not the less, however, he records a personal triumph which he, Frank Harris, enjoyed over the noted *persifleur*. They were dining out and Whistler had jeered him on his appointment as editor of *The Fortnightly Review* and his mediocre conduct of the same, to the joy of the whole table. Then Harris took his revenge.

"Strange," I said, "how your views of art, Master, are echoed in Paris. I was talking with Degas the other day; you know he too is a

great painter, with a tongue for a whip. I asked him what he thought of English painters, and he made fun of them: he wouldn't hear of Leighton, nor Millais, nor any of them, and at last I said, 'But what do you think of Whistler? Whistler surely is a master?'

"'Vistlaire?' he repeated, 'connais pas; jamais entendu ce nom-la. Que-fait-il?' (Whistler? I don't know him; have never heard the name. What does he do?)

"Of course, I tried to explain how great you were, Master; described your marvellous color-schemes, amazing arrangements: impressions like Hokusai; but Degas only shrugged his shoulders: 'Connais pas-Vistlaire, connais pas, du tout!' (Don't know this Whistler—don't know him at all.)

"So at last in despair I told him that you, too, were a wit, as he was, with a bitter tongue, an extraordinary talent of speech, the wittiest talker in England.

"'Dommage,' Degas broke in, 'he should paint with his tongue—then he might be a genius.'"

Everyone laughed, delighted to see the biter bit; but it was some time before the cordial relations between Whistler and myself were restored.

According to Mr. Harris's text, this incident must be referred to the late eighties—1888 or 1889—and the credit of his brilliant retort rests upon the assumption that Degas knew nothing of Whistler at that time. Now about 1890 was *published* (its writing was of course anterior) George Moore's "Impressions and Opinions," which contains a notable essay on Degas. In this paper the author is at pains to set forth the personal traits of the great French artist and especially his hatred of the *réclame* (as we would say, the "spotlight") as regarded his art. And we find this:

All the meanness of *la vie de parade*, so persistently sought by Mr. Whistler, is bitterly displeasing to him. *Speaking to Mr. Whistler (sic)* he said, "My dear friend, you conduct yourself in life just as if you had no talent at all." Again speaking of the same person and at a time when he was having numerous photographs taken, Degas said, "You cannot talk to him; he throws his cloak around him and goes off to the photographer."

Evidently there is a kink in Mr. Harris's chronology, but outside of that (as we say in America) his story is a good one and very creditable to Frank Harris.

The study of Renan, while one of the most pretentious in the book and strongly written in parts—the fine passionate outburst on Paul, for example—to my mind often verges on caricature. It fans the reader's smoldering discontent to a flame and presses the question of veracity which discounts the value of too many of these "portraits." This essay also displays a sort of courage in Mr. Harris which it is not always easy to take on his own say-so. He sometimes gives himself the upper-hand of Renan in their debates—not an unusual proceeding of Mr. Harris with his subjects, by the bye. He gives himself the best speeches in these alleged interviews with Renan—he, the relatively obscure journalist, who should have been thrilled to his marrow with the pride of listening to the greatest liberal scholar, the most eloquent talker in Europe. And of his own talk he says: "He (Renan) swallowed it all greedily, smiling and twirling his thumbs. . . . But it was not worth while to try to correct his illimitable conceit."

This is "going some" indeed, even for one who is "always artist rather than reporter" and who pretends to "spiritual divination and not to verbal accuracy."

Mr. Harris is at pains to make M. Renan (and the reader) listen to his strictures upon the *Life of Jesus*, which are not remarkable for profundity; and he pictures Renan as eager to hear and contest them, although his book had years before been attacked from every standpoint by the ablest Christian apologists in Europe. "Renan's longing for praise seemed to me almost childish," says our judicious author. "What can praise or blame matter to one who knows he has done his work? His cawing like a hungry baby-rook for a morsel of praise stiffened me." . . . Mr. Harris is perhaps nowhere else in the book so amusing as in this paper on Renan. And surely nowhere else does his rôle of artistic reporter seem to bear so severe a strain.

However, there is a worse thing than his "patronizing" of Renan, and that is his caricaturing of him. I do not recall ever having read so gross a libel and travesty upon a man whose life and writings were known to all the world. Mr. Harris denies the virtue of truth to the great man who chose the words *Veri-*

tatem dilexi (I have loved the truth) for his tombstone. He then proceeds to more painful censures:—

“Again and again one is brought up with a shock by his (Renan’s) extraordinary, abnormal sensuality. Here are really the two poles between which the man swings. He was a hopeless unbeliever, and at the same time given over to all pleasures, pleasures of thought, pleasures of sentiment (his heroes love to weep like women), pleasures of the senses. As we have seen, he was gross in body, indolent physically; altogether unable to appreciate finely either an athlete or a saint, much less a hero.”

Again: “He (Renan) takes himself for a measure of the Ideal, and he is not justified. The reason of his failure is unmistakable. First of all, he is a Frenchman, and the French are somewhat obsessed by the sense of sex (Oh, Mr. Harris!), apt to be too much given to sensual delights. Then, too, Renan was brought up as a priest and his natural desires thereby subjected to unnatural restraint. In consequence of this he seems to have found sex-attraction quite irresistible; he is weaker even than the ordinary Frenchman; he does not only yield to temptation; he seeks it out.”

All this seems to me assertion without proof, and I am sure it will not be acquiesced in by those who know their Renan. It is ridiculous of Mr. Harris to take the play of *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* as proving the case against Renan. Even Father Barry in his life of Renan, anxious as a Roman Catholic priest should be to discredit and diminish the great infidel whom other priests did not scruple to call the Anti-Christ, does not go so far. He censures the work indeed (an intellectual exercise of the author’s old age), but he does not pretend to find in it a sure ground for postulating Renan’s personal immorality. The worst that Dr. Barry can bring himself to say is this:

“Himself a rare example of hard work, sober, studious, moderate, decorous, whose life hid nothing of which he need be ashamed, he followed after the multitude, not to sin as they did, but in flowery phrases to condone their sinning.”

Here Father Barry, a stern theologian of the faith which Renan abandoned, reads a lesson in charity to Frank Harris, a writer who has never been accused of slurring the sex-motive in

his productions. The true explanation is that Father Barry was better informed than Mr. Harris both as to the literary works, the hermeneutic labors, and the personal character of Renan. And he was also without the vices of "snap" judgment and hasty writing, which unfortunately sometimes pertain to the "artist as reporter."

I have been reading Renan for twenty-five years and still count the *Souvenirs de ma Jeunesse* as marking an epoch in my intellectual growth. (It is one of the books I reread at least every other year.) I believe one can admire him prodigiously without believing that he destroyed the Christ of Revelation, and that one may dislike the freedom of certain writings of his (I don't myself) without therein finding reason to impeach the purity of his life. Now having been a student of Renan all those years and having overlooked nothing of real credit and importance that has been written about him in French or English, I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Harris will do well to expunge this offensive matter from future editions of his book. It is bad criticism besides, marking an awkward inconsistency in Frank Harris, some of whose essays in fiction claim a large tolerance on moral grounds. Also I recommend him to correct throughout this essay the superior tone which he maintains toward his distinguished subject:—it is truly of a sort to make the judicious grieve!

Renan's own view of his personal morality and his sense of responsibility in that regard is set down in the *Souvenirs*, above referred to, one of the last and most delightful works of his pen, which he clearly intended as an *apologia* for his whole life. The candor and complete honesty of the following statement have never been questioned by the fair-minded:—

"My clerical ideas have exercised a still greater influence over me in all that relates to the rules of morality. I should have looked upon it as a lack of decorum if I had made any change in my habits upon this score. The world at large, in its ignorance of spiritual things, believes that men only abandon the ecclesiastical calling because they find its duties too severe. I should never have forgiven myself if I had done anything to lend even a semblance of reason to views so superficial. With my extreme conscientiousness, I was anxious to be at peace with myself, and I continued

to live in Paris the life which I had led in the seminary. . . . Thus it may upon the whole be said, that I have come short in little of my clerical promises. I have exchanged spirituality for ideality. I have been truer to my engagements than many priests apparently more regular in their conduct."

With the reservations noted above in no captious spirit, I am glad to say that there remains very much in Mr. Harris's book to fairly challenge the critic to what Swinburne called the "noble pleasure of praising." The sketch of Oscar Wilde is admirably clever, even dramatic, full of pertinent detail and unstaled anecdote; while the sentiment breathes of manly friendship neither weakened by apology nor made suspect by affectation.

Mr. Harris shows himself as Wilde's friend in the latter's darkest days (and this we have long known from credible witnesses): the result is good both for art and human nature.

Less cannot be said of the few and pregnant pages devoted to the equally unfortunate De Maupassant. There is some writing in this paper which exhibits Mr. Harris at his best—when he rises from super-journalism to literature. It may be that he tells us too much or too little in regard to the circumstances of Maupassant's downfall: speaking in the claimed character of a personal friend, his responsibility is not a light one. But his pity for the great artist caught in the toils of a most sordid tragedy, is depicted with moving force and indeed affects us almost too cruelly, while his final commentary long haunts the mind:—

"The worship of the great goddess Aselgeia is sweet indeed, honey to the lips; but the price she exacts from her devotees is appalling. How many of them I have known, and how brilliant they were: her victims are taken from the most gifted of the sons of men."

The Meredith, too, though one of the briefest essays, is inferior to none in point of penetrative criticism, sound judgment, level sympathy and just appreciation. Mr. Harris's manner toward his distinguished subject is all that we have a right to ask, and the personal beauty of Meredith (Mr. Harris is very sensitive to beauty in man or woman) fills the whole picture with light. The estimation of Meredith as a critic points us to an in-

tellectual trait of that great man that has been ill recognized. There is nothing more valuable in Mr. Harris's book and it should purchase him indulgence for his worst shortcomings. Meredith had shown personal kindness to our author and was indeed among the first to allow his extraordinary talent for short-story writing (of which he has made too little, more's the pity). All this sweetens the tribute and attracts something of Meredith's own high spirit to these pages.

Memorable, and not less true than memorable, are its closing words:—

"He was the one writer of the time of whom we were all proud. He went through life crowned, and nothing he said or did injured his reputation or tarnished the sovereign lustre of his genius. He was poor with dignity and a friend of man without affectation or snobbishness: his joy in living, his sympathy, his happy valiance made life brighter to all of us."

Swinburne, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Maeterlinck and others more or less known to fame are touched upon in Mr. Harris's alert, suggestive style, which if it does not always give delight, is none the less useful in stimulating the spirit of dissent and contradiction. His ruling that Keats stands higher as a poet than Milton, is typical of the bravery of his method. Also his observation that Swinburne's prose reminded him of "the little wooden painted marionettes of a child's Noah's Ark." The pen-picture of Swinburne, it should be said, is one of the most striking in the book.

Of capital interest also is the concentrated study of Anatole France, whom Mr. Harris aptly names the wisest and most articulate, if not the strongest or noblest of living Frenchmen. As a piece of artistic reporting this calls for candid praise; not the least of its merits is its transparent veracity. For one may suspect some of these interviews to be more or less apocryphal (and none the worse for that), but this with France has the accent of sincerity. The talk *is* France, and Mr. Harris is wise enough to leave him a fair moiety of it. This paper will be read with the keener interest that it is now known illness and senility have put a period to the literary labors of Anatole France. Curiously, too, it seems to mark a change of attitude on the part of

the interviewer. In the Carlyle and the Renan we saw him apparently tender of the religious sentiment—not going the full length with his distinguished interlocutors. In the France we have this:—

“You once said, cher maître, that religion no longer existed in France: did you mean that literally?”

“Religion is dead in France,” he repeated; “it can never be revived, nobody cares for it or pays any attention to it; we have done for ever with monks and monkery. Even the Church is only a means of political action, or rather reaction,” he laughed. “But in England religion is still alive, is it not?”

“In England one can still find the corpse by one’s nose,” I remarked.

France laughed, “That’s the very word; here the corpse is *desséché*; but in England still malodorous; we’re a hundred years ahead of you.”

The assumption seemed to me daring. “But is religion done with altogether, in your opinion?” I asked in some wonderment.

“Certainly,” he replied, apparently surprised even by the question. “The whole paraphernalia of miracles and beliefs in a life after death and an anthropomorphic God—all gone for ever, swept clean away—and a good thing too.”

“Religion, then, is rather like measles, a childish complaint?” I probed.

“That’s it, just that,” he continued; “and we’ve got rid not only of the Christian religion, but also of the morality as well. Of course, Christian morality was absolutely childish and contradictory: we had to get quit of it all.”

“But surely,” I insisted, “one of these days we shall have a scientific morality. The laws of health of both body and spirit will be ascertained and taught. And when once the canon is accepted and established it will excite emotion and gradually become sacred, and so religion will again be brought back into life.”

“I see no need of it,” he retorted. “*On est sage en France*,” he went on earnestly: “We have the race quality of moderation in our bones: it’s rather an esthetical than an ethical idea, if you will; but we are moderate and prudent by nature in everything, and that’s all one wants in life.”

This seems to be veracious enough, though the reader will think it a rather drab philosophy for the genial creator of *Maître Jérôme Coignard*. But is it the whole truth? It seems to me the very nature of Frenchmen must change before they will abandon the incomparable romance of religion. The answer will

come undoubtedly when France shall have emerged from the fiery trial through which she is now passing. I think she will continue to do homage to the Saints of Faith and Infidelity—not the least favored and caressed of whom will be the charming St. Anatole!

To sum up, then: a good sticking reality of a book with more blood than ink in the making thereof. Frank Harris is no saint, *pardie*, and his opinions are no more infallible than his tastes are esthetically beyond question or his manners always unexceptionable in reporting the Great Ones he has met. A genuine man withal, who knows both men and books and who has been a profitable observer in some of the privileged places of the world. The rebel in him that Carlyle perceived gives a tang to all he writes. His book will not be slighted by the discerning, but it is *anathema* to literary snobs.

THAT NIGHT I DANCED

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

THAT night I danced,
And he was still only a little while in the earth.
People, if they had known,
Would have said I was cold-hearted and did not care much,
But all that day I had been seeing his face—
The face shut in the buried coffin—
And the pain had made a darkness of my heart.
So to whirl and wend through the dancers seemed little sin—
To give over to the music, little forgetfulness.
For the dead, if they have the power to remember,
Have the gift to understand.

THE ÆSTHETIC STRUGGLE IN AMERICA

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

FOR several months there have been rumors of a new departure in the art world—the establishment of an association calling itself the People's Art Guild. From time to time articles have appeared in the press, which, for the most part, have either patronized or ridiculed this venture. I believe the time has now come for an explanation of the Guild's purpose and for a statement of what has already been accomplished. The undertaking is a serious one and deserves not only serious publicity but serious encouragement. Dr. John Weichsel, its founder, has two aims in view: first, to permit all the conscientious painters of America to expose, without expense to themselves, often and in the company of their more advanced confrères; and secondly, to aid the great majority of the people, who rarely see art expressions, to witness, without cost and in comfort, the best efforts of these many artists.

With the socialistic side of the movement—that is, with its attempt to democratize painting—I am not concerned. But within the husk of a dubious political idea I see the kernel of ultimate good. To-day, as in the past, the most deserving artists are very seldom the ones who receive the greatest credit. In America it is only too plainly evident that the majority of our critics choose, with fatalistic invariability, the inferior and decadent painters on which to spill their praise. Contemplate the market value of such artists as Dabo, Davies, Winslow Homer, Hassam, Sargent, Weir and Cecilia Beaux. Then consider the almost entire lack of demand for the works of Of, Sheeler, Morgan Russell, Macdonald-Wright and Man Ray. I actually believe that a Homer or a Sargent would bring more money than even a Cézanne or a Matisse. The public, in the main, follows the critics; and the art galleries, which are commercial institutions, adhere to public taste. Thus we see the works of men who should still be in art schools or devoting their energies to articles

of utilitarian or decorative destinies, lauded vehemently, prominently exposed and bought at exorbitant figures.

It is high time some method was devised whereby second-rate painters would gain only second-rate esteem so that the field might be left clear for the truly strong and important men who devote their faculties to æsthetic expression. I am not enough of an optimist to believe that our art critics can be dragged from out their conventional wallow. Every advance and innovation in the evolution of painting has been met by ridicule and anathema, and history shows that it takes nearly a quarter of a century for the average critic to come abreast of the activities in which he deals. But with the advent of the People's Art Guild there will at least be an opening for these better and more serious painters whose progress has outrun the ponderous minds of critics, or who have incurred the enmity of the art cliques which dominate New York. The great obstacle which confronts the deserving painter in America is his inability to get a showing. This year, because of the obvious difficulty of obtaining work from abroad, the local galleries have reluctantly thrown their doors open to modern American painters, with the result that many good men, heretofore unknown, have come to the fore and made sales.

After all, the encouragement the painter needs is a chance to expose, so that he may make a direct appeal to those visitors who are able to comprehend him. We must not forget that the artist—the conscientious seeker for significant plastic expression—has, by the very choice of his life work, set himself, in a measure, outside the struggle for existence. Always he lives in the hope that someone will see and appreciate and aid his endeavors, although he knows that even under these circumstances there is little chance of his attaining to that degree of luxury which the man of mere commerce enjoys. He is ever the instrument in the hands of a great force which, while urging him on to renewed efforts, withholds from him material usufructs and benefits. Of course, I am not referring here to those talents who choose painting as they would a commercial career. For such men I have no respect. But I believe that those other painters who struggle and experiment and try to carry forward

the standard of their art, should be given an opportunity of reaching those capable of understanding. So long has the world looked upon art as pretty and inconsequential decoration—an appanage of the rich, the idle, and the vicious—that the artists themselves have come to be viewed as parasites, effeminate, lazy and hypocritical, who conduct a colossal and tacit quackery in order to entice a living from a world in which they are too cowardly and weak-minded to fight.

This opinion applies very specifically to modern painters. In fact, the majority of critics openly make this accusation against them. To be sure, the belief is not without foundation. Every advance in knowledge—scientific, economic and philosophical—has been accompanied by a host of charlatans; and modern painting especially has suffered by the presence of incompetents whose one desire is to attract notoriety by outlandish *bizarrerries*. Thus have our shortsighted, susceptible critics been led astray. They would denounce Pasteur because of Cagliostro.

It is to correct this dangerous and ignorant error that the Guild proposes to lend its efforts. By giving an opportunity to all, it will expose what is best alongside of what is weakest; and it will, in addition, bring the public into personal contact with the artists themselves. This latter point is important. People are better judges of human nature and strength of personality than they are of pictures; and it would be an unfortunate day for the business man who paints for a living to appear before purchasers along with the truly conscientious artist. The purchasers would not like the artist, because he would not fawn and flatter their tastes, but through the antagonism which would arise, the buyer would feel the superior force of the true artist's intelligence, for the artist is one who expands naïvely to even the smallest appreciation or desire on another's part to learn; and he becomes combative and insuperable in the presence of mere ignorant pedantry.

Under the plans of the Guild, that portion of the public which is untutored but desirous of knowledge, will be given an opportunity of hearing ideas from the painters themselves instead of reading them in the distorted articles of our journalists.

Herein will be given a decided stimulus to public interest in a complex and intellectual pursuit. As a nation, we view art from the standpoint of idle curiosity, with the result that our critics are not called upon to take painting seriously. When a genuine public interest is aroused, even though it is limited, there will simultaneously grow up a demand for more precise, intelligent critics; and these critics, in turn, will react and create a still higher standard.

The art dealer is not to blame for conditions. He is not a philanthropist but a business man who cannot afford to pay large rentals for years in order to educate the public to a higher plane of æsthetic appreciation. He is the middleman, standing between the painting factory and the people's undeveloped taste. He handles, with impartiality, the works of a Rubens or a Kroll. It is not his place to distinguish between a Daumier and a painting by the Zorachs. If he is an astute dealer, he finds out what the public wants and gets it; and the public, as a rule, wants what the critics tell them they ought to have. The only harm done by the gallery-owner is that he makes it easier for the critical buyer to purchase works of the inferior painter, whereas otherwise the buyer would have to seek for what he wanted and make his own selections. Thus the client's taste is retarded, and, to a certain extent, many good painters are kept out of public view. The Guild, if it succeeds—and it is more than well started—will eventually do away with the commercial gallery-owner as a force, and will place him in a position of a small broker. The artist will be more apt to benefit—if ever—in his lifetime and will receive his full price without the merchant's commission.

Another commendable plan of Dr. Weichsel's is the establishment of supply stores where artists can buy their materials at cost. There will be shops where the painter can make his own frames, if he desires, or buy them at the lowest possible figure. By opening workshops, Dr. Weichsel also hopes to turn the talents of incompetent creators into the line of craftsmanship, thus providing a livelihood and a pleasurable vocation for the many artisans who have gone ashore on the reefs of an incomprehensible ambition. If the new movement fails in everything save the resurrection of craftsmanship, it will have achieved

something worth while. We have few competent craftsmen in America, although there are many men who could qualify had they not chosen an expression beyond their powers. As great producers of plastic art these men will never exist, but as decorators of the charming and useful instruments of the interior they will have a mission. All they need is their present talent, plus the proper practical training. Cellini will live in his craft long after we have forgotten his fabulous literature; and after all, it is more intellectually elevating and satisfying to succeed as an exalted artisan than to fail dismally as an artist.

The generating idea of the Guild is to make the artist's life more livable by helping him to earn a living independent of the fluctuations in art styles, and to make the people's life more beautiful by bringing them in direct contact with the artist's work. The artist, I believe, will be the first to be benefited. His gain will be material, while the public's gain will be intellectual. Many persons, no doubt, through frequent contact with works of art, will be led to buy pictures—persons who, lacking the opportunity of becoming familiar with this newly-opened field, would still continue to surround themselves by blank wall spaces or department-store chromos. In fine, the Guild is an association which carries art to the people themselves and sells, without commission, the refinements of the artist's knowledge of order and beauty. Modern art since Cézanne is the beginning of a new Renaissance; but the people in this country are unaware of its great significance.

It is not entirely the fault of the American people that they lag far behind all other civilized nations in æsthetic appreciation. The aggressive ignorance and theopneustic cant fed them by the majority of native critics—together with the chauvinistic fiction that the pictures in the Metropolitan Museum are representative and educational—are in themselves sufficient to bring about an indefinite deferment of intelligent artistic taste. There has grown up a sort of sacred awe in the æsthetically illiterate for such reactionary writers as Royal Cortissoz, Kenyon Cox, Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., and Charles H. Caffin; and so long as their influence persists, America will retain its innocence of all those deeper problems of art which must be

mastered before a true understanding can be brought about. These gentlemen, blind to the graver concerns of painting and faultlessly disguised in a borrowed cloak of superficial and dogmatic erudition, woo the ear of the untutored by the platitudes of a pseudo-culture, until the subject is hopelessly obscured.

The critic to whom, above all others, is attributable our lack of understanding of the aspirations and achievements of painting is Mr. Cortissoz, the *doyen* of our art reviewers—an industrious, sincere, well-informed, commonplace, unilluminated writer, who possesses a marked antipathy to all that is new. He belongs to the æsthetic and intellectual vintage of the 'sixties: he is, in fact, almost pre-Raphaelitic in attitude, clinging with a kind of desperate fear to the established and accepted past, preferring the easy security of precedent to the more exacting security of the present. As a great concession to modernism he thinks that Sargent is the last legitimate ward in paint. He displays all the college professor's timidity of thought, and lack of interest and enthusiasm for that which has not been written down and agreed to. Thus he always plays safe by adhering doggedly to the musty text-books. He was bitterly hostile to Zuloaga on the occasion of the Hispanic Society's exhibition of that painter's work in 1909: he was crudely antagonistic to the display of modern Scandinavian art at the American Art Galleries in 1912; and his rage was unbounded when he beheld the Armory show in 1913. Whenever he is confronted by art which he cannot understand readily, he is surly and ill-tempered. One may judge by his book that his slogan is "art and commonsense"—commonsense being measured by the limitations of his own obsolete viewpoint. (His lyric raptures over such painters as Metcalf, Hassam, Reid and Weir, are excellent gauges of his appreciatory calibre.) A degree of ignorance may be permitted every man, but I am somewhat astounded that Mr. Cortissoz requires so much of it to make him a complete suit. And I am further astounded that he is permitted to write for the paper he does. That publication has, in its other departments, shown an admirable spirit in securing men who do not "lag superfluous" in their line. To this policy Mr. Cortissoz is diametrically opposed.

Mr. Kenyon Cox's sole contribution to our knowledge of art is his naïve assertion that all progress in painting is an illusion. This is equivalent to saying that all progress in psychology, biology, heliotropism and chemistry is an illusion, for the science of æsthetics is founded on all of these other sciences. Eminent researchers have devoted years to the fundamental problems of artistic reaction and apperception; and in their experimentations new discoveries are constantly being made. To close one's mind to these things is to deny the existence of the floor on which one pretends to walk. Mr. Cox, however, unwittingly admits this basis, as is seen in his elaborate and erroneous explanation of composition, or, as he chooses to call it, "design." Why should certain rhythmic lines and balances of volumes produce æsthetic pleasure? Mr. Cox evades the answer, implying that what pleases him is right and what displeases him is wrong. Wherein does he differ, then, from the man who says, "I don't know what art is, but I know what I like"? He differs only in so far as he dogmatizes his own preference, setting up his personal taste as an inflexible standard. Thus he becomes a critic in contradistinction to the man who admits the possible fallibility of his arbitrary and haphazard likes and dislikes. Were Mr. Cox's taste always correct one might forgive his assumption of omnipotence and perfection: but since he is at such variance with the conclusions of wiser and profounder students of æsthetics, we can only congratulate him on his self-satisfaction, and pass on to deeper knowledge, led by men who devote their lives to ascertaining the truth concerning æsthetic empathy and its organic accompaniments, instead of to denying the existence of things they do not intuitively comprehend. Of the deeper art knowledge Mr. Cox is benignly innocent, and he is sometimes so inexcusably superficial as to attempt to refute the merit of certain artists' work by hanging on them the label of insanity. A man goes insane: therefore, all his thought is imbecile and his work crazy! Are we, indeed, living in the twentieth century when such primitive paralogy can pass for logic?

Mr. Cox, in his denial of progress, is at least original. That originality I would be the last to deny him. The trouble is that he is apparently unconscious that the world is moving forward.

He belongs to the academy of antiquity. Even modern academism is unknown to him. He paints according to ancient rule; thinks in well-worn grooves; and lives in abject worship of precedent and principle. He believes that painting stopped with the Renaissance and sculpture with Phidias.

Mr. Cox's æsthetic ossification is due to the very common error (which grows out of one's limit to understand) that, in order to appreciate modern painting (and I do not mean merely Post-Impressionism, Cubism, etc.), one must forgo the older masters. The reverse is the truth. A work of modern art must be judged by the same æsthetic principles that one applies to the older art; and modern painting must stand or fall on its adherence to those principles. The application of these principles to the complexities of modern art is more difficult, of course, than to ancient art; and because the academician is unable to apply these principles, he denies that the principles apply. Thus he raises his ignorance to a virtue, and proceeds to condemn the new art, frightening away the public by cries of "madness," "distortion," "rubbish." The method, if childish and stupid, is sometimes effective. But, after all, it is not a matter of argument, but of knowledge. Mr. Cox is without that knowledge—aggressively and loudly so. If you doubt it read first his ingenuous *The Classic Point of View*: then read Clive Bell's *Art*, or the books of Vernon Lee and Anstruther-Thompson.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., is Professor of Painting at Princeton, and reveals few qualities which distinguish him from the typical scholastic pedant. His contributions to æsthetic criticism differ only in detail from the conventional artistic theories. His prejudices are of educational rather than emotional origin. That which is inoffensive from the standpoint of puritan culture, provided it is thoroughly established and has the indelible imprint of traditional approval upon it, sways him toward praise. Paradoxically he is an admirer of Roger Fry, but he entirely lacks Fry's courageous attitude toward modern painting. Professor Mather failed completely to comprehend the significance of the Armory show, and wrote himself down an inherent conservative who was unable to adjust himself to such conditions as were immediately grasped by both Roger Fry and Berensen on

the occasion of the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Galleries, London. The Armory pictures, being stripped of habitual and superficial integuments, offered no opportunity for vague sentimental generalizations, but demanded precision of thought and definiteness of exposition. These qualities being alien to the academic theorist, Professor Mather and his fellow rhetoricians withdrew in confusion and splashed about disconcertedly in water that was not over their heads.

Charles H. Caffin saves himself from classification under the professorial traditionalists by adhering to the encyclopædic side of painting. Unless I misread all the evidence of his books, he would repudiate the appellation of "critic." His is an easier and less hazardous occupation. His concern is with dates, biographical facts, anecdotes, entertaining comments, statistics, and such engrossing adversaria. He is a compiler, a historian, a chronicler, a disher-up of information—a kind of head-master in the kindergarten of painting. When opinions sometimes crop up in the course of his presentation of data, one feels that he does not intend them to be taken seriously: they are addenda by way of good measure, the courageous and enthusiastic bubbles from a soul which is not all prose. Mr. Caffin evidently cares naught for æsthetics. The problems of art are far from his thoughts. He is broad enough to tolerate all opinions. Critical judgment is too speculative, too elusive and obscure for him. He finds the solid ground of facts more pleasing. He recognizes his lack of intuition and knowledge and taste, and sticks to his minor task. He has courage without direction; independence without beliefs. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz converted him to modern art, largely through hypnotism, I am inclined to think, for Mr. Caffin possesses almost none of Mr. Stieglitz's knowledge or feeling for painting. As a recorder of the external events of art's development, he is of considerable value. I read his books myself—as I would a dictionary. But if we go to him for mental food, we go to an empty larder.

Nor is the very entertaining Mr. James Huneker a source of æsthetic stimulation. Mr. Huneker does not pretend to help us toward a clearer understanding of art problems. He tacitly admits he knows little of the underlying principles of æsthetics,

and is honest and courageous enough to disclaim any assumption of standard setting. "Let us parade our prejudices," he announces at the beginning of his *Promenades of an Impressionist*. In closing he says that his comments "are a record of some personal preference, not attempts at critical revaluations"; and adds, "I have promenaded my dearest prejudices, my most absurd illusions." And yet, æsthetically, his illusions are in no measure so absurd as the intolerant dicta of either Mr. Cortissoz or Mr. Cox, both of whom claim for their illusions a kind of sublime and inevitable perfection.

To not one of these eminent writers can the public turn for accurate and helpful information. In all their writings I have failed to see a comprehending allusion to such men as Lipps, Titchener, Külpe, Hirn, Groos and Fechner, who devote their time to a serious study of the æsthetic *rationale*. Our critics, for the most part, are timid, personal, ignorant, careless, intolerant or hopelessly scholastic. Consequently they are neither guides nor philosophical detractors; and painting as a whole suffers. This is not true of any other civilized country. In Europe there are capable men of the Roger Fry, Clive Bell and Appollinaire type. These men differ in conclusions, but they at least take artistic effort seriously and do not attempt to hide their lack of knowledge behind a veneer of scorn and patronage. They try to learn the merits or demerits of a new method to which intelligent artists have given their lives. They do not set up the cry of "lunatic" without investigation, for they possess a sufficient amount of learning to be relieved of the necessity of posing as oracles. Only the meagrely enlightened man assumes the omniscience that characterizes the average American art writer. I hold that Mr. Leo Stein is one of the ablest and most searching living critics of painting, despite the fact that he and I disagree wholeheartedly when we discuss the subject. Æsthetics is a profound and complex science, and one which only recently has had the serious attention of the world's greatest psychologists. For one man to know it thoroughly would be as great an impossibility as for one man to know all there was to know of biology. Yet to judge from the self-complacency of our art critics, these gentlemen would seem to have attained to the ulti-

mate enlightenment. When they might be learning new strokes with which to emerge from the quagmire of their ignorance, they prefer to spend their time inventing epithets and fabricating philippics with which to deny the possibility of progress and wisdom.

Let me make an exception. Among American critics whose names have for years been before the public there is one man who chooses the pains of learning to the anesthesia of second-hand opinions. He is Dr. Christian Brinton. This critic does not despise a thing merely because it does not fit into his preconceived notions, or because he cannot grasp its import synchronously as his eye records it. He does not play the part of a coward before the facts of painting because of the security and serenity afforded by such a course. He does not seek popularity in the dry mental rot of the academies. And yet his classical learning is extensive. He understands ancient painting quite as thoroughly as his contemporary institutionalists, but he does not regard it with the blinders of prejudice. The greatest musical classicist living to-day is Richard Strauss. He knows more about, and has a deeper appreciation of, Mozart and Beethoven than any of his adverse critics, yet this knowledge does not keep him from striving toward a greater and profounder expression. Dr. Brinton knows that in painting it is not necessary to let go of the old in order to grasp the new, that the two are fundamentally the same, that one is merely the outgrowth of the other, and that, until ancient art is understood, modern art cannot be comprehended. The current superstition that modern painting is a sort of fungus that has grown up overnight, unrelated to the past, has been the greatest impediment in the way of progressive comprehension. But only superficially does modern painting differ from ancient painting. Because unacquainted with this irrefutable, but not too obvious, fact, the unworthy little gods who sit in judgment on American publications proceed to poison the public's mind with their puerilities and to praise only such painting as has been recognized and accepted by their forerunners.

I do not know if Dr. Brinton was originally antagonistic to æsthetic knowledge and research. If he was not, he was an

exception to the general rule, for even the warmest supporters of modern painting were at some time or another opposed to it. The reason for this is very simple: in ancient painting there are footholds other than purely æsthetic ones, and with a little knowledge and the requisite amount of "feeling," one can hang on without danger. But in modern painting a critic must have a definite basis of judgment. He must, in short, know what he is talking about. His opinions must be based on knowledge which goes deeper than association and sentiment; and if he does not possess that knowledge, he will find himself floundering in a turbulent sea without a life-buoy. But the healthy modern mind requires problems and incentives to thought. Only the weak, the lazy and the senile find comfort in inertia. As the forces of life become more complicated and organized—as they are becoming every day—the healthy man, avid for information, demands more and more than his analytic intelligence be mirrored in his enjoyment.

Dr. Brinton possesses such a mind. At the time of the Armory show, while the other American critics were sitting up nights concocting denunciations and inexpensive bits of humor with which to masquerade their ignorance, Dr. Brinton was busy with the æsthetic problems which the show presented. As a result his article in the *International Studio* was the only one I saw which indicated that the writer was possessed of intellectual courage, or which took into consideration the fact that thousands of the ablest men in Europe were not all lunatics at large.

That this critic's present point of view is a matter of intellectual evolution can be easily seen by a comparison of his different works. His *Modern Artists* represented him at his purely appreciative and emotional stage. His essays on Whistler, Zuolaga, Böcklin, etc., were interpretations rather than criticisms. Later his Goya article in *Art in America* attested to his advance in the field of analytic research. His latest book, *Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exposition*, just published, shows that he has found the independent path which leads to the highest æsthetic appreciation. In this book he has struck a balance between sound scholarship and sensitiveness to

beauty. He has reached the point where he can react to a painter's expression without those first aids of atmosphere, illustration and anecdote. In short, he has gone beneath the academic surface of painting and found that rich fund of emotions which are not dependent upon the eyes and nose. If anyone still doubts that, in order to understand modern painting, a critic must relax his sound scholarship, let that person turn to Dr. Brinton's opening essay in his new book—*The Modern Spirit in Contemporary Painting*. Here he will learn the lesson that scholarship is necessary to an appreciation of modern painting, provided that scholarship is not merely dead material but is used as a means to advancement.

Let us turn, for a moment, from the many conflicting forces which animate the art activities in this country and regard the important exhibitions of the month. There are six shows under the auspices of the People's Art Guild already open to the public. Some of them are better than the corresponding Fifth Avenue exhibitions of the year. In them there is no discrimination between certain schools or tendencies. The works are impartially hung, and one can see the effect of a purely academic portrait in close proximity to a canvas of the most modern type. Every line of endeavor in both Europe and America is numerically well represented, and among the pictures are many of the best examples of our native output. At first glance these shows seem chaotic because of their wide range; but after a few moments' mental adjustment we see that only superficially are the pictures at variance. After all, paintings only differ as to their inherent intensity of vision; so why not hang a Pre-Raphaelite-Moreau work of Claude Buck beside an ultra-modern Synchrony? Among the painters exposed are most of the well-known American names. Of the older painters represented are Henri, Bellows, Beal, Coleman, Kroll, Davey, Glackens, Joseph, Polowetsky, Frankel, Olinsky, Lawson, Lever, Luks, Feinberg and Mathes. More modern are Gussow, Sloan, Lichtenstein, Marin, Berlin, Halpert, Speicher, Myers, and Tisch. The very modern men are Macdonald-Wright, with color studies; Walkowitz, with some of his earlier work; Maurice Sterne, the offshoot of the Cubists; Denmuth, influenced by Futurism; Prendergast, the

decorative illustrator; Max Kuehne, Delaunay's representative in this country; Hartley, of Post-Impressionist and Cubist inspirations; the Zorachs, disciples of the Munich tradition; Gus Mager and Van Dearing Perrine. Many of these men have pictures in several exhibits. The addresses of the shows are (1) Madison House, 216 Madison Street; (2) University Settlement, 184 Eldridge Street; (3) Bronx Y. M. H. A., Boston Road and 165th Street; (4) Bronx House, 1637 Washington Avenue; (5) Meinhard Neighborhood House, 100 East 101st Street; and (6) "Centre" Coffee House, 167 East Broadway.

The Guild has already begun to carry on the work begun many years ago by Mr. Stieglitz at "291", and which more recently has been given an impetus by Mr. De Zayas at the Modern Gallery. Last month the serious work of Bluemner was shown at the former Gallery, and some very good Van Gogh's were on view at the latter. This month there are two more interesting exhibitions at these places. Bluemner has been supplanted by Eli Nadelman; and Van Gogh has given place to some very late work of Picasso. I have written much of Picasso's drawings, and will merely recommend his present exhibition. In my recent book, *Modern Painting: Its Tendency and Meaning*, I spoke of Nadelman, basing my opinion on the sculpture he had completed at the time of my writing. Since then a change for the better has come over his work, and therefore I desire to say something further concerning him.

His present exhibition of drawings and sculptures is well worth seeing, although the less said of his earlier work, the better. I remember seeing, several years ago, a number of photographs of Nadelman's efforts which did not impress me as important, either as results or as promises. At that time he was making the rhythms of Greek statuary obvious and even crude by a process of exaggeration. In some of his bas-reliefs the forms of arms and legs—in fact, all the volumes—were presented merely as bloated bits of matter which resembled nothing so much as they did sausages. They were an endeavor on the artist's part to simplify the forms, so subtly chiselled by the Greeks, into stereotyped articulations. This process soon resolved itself into a tricky habit of volume construction. But

even at that time Nadelman's work was carefully done from the standpoint of craftsmanship; and possessed a charming grace of movement and a suggestion of poise, which, though distinctly second-hand, were restful and welcome at a period when the symmetrical immobility of negro sculpture was the keynote of both plastic and graphic expression.

To-day Nadelman reveals to us the same charm of poise and proportion, but there is shown also a steady improvement in the actual work. Withal, there is nothing particularly new in this artist's creations. Some of his statues are like the later Greek bits, while others of his figures are of little importance or beauty. However, he has one wood carving which is worthy of Renoir, and several drawings, primitively beautiful in the balance of black and white masses, which, in a mere delicately feminine way, recall the early sculptures of Archipenko before he endeavored to turn Manguins and Picassos into statuary. Then there are drawings not unlike the prehistoric pictures found in the caverns of the Dordogne and in Altamira. Again we have echoes of the Chinese in a bas-relief and in other larger linear works.

Strangely enough, this young sculptor seems to be following the same influences through which the art of the orient went centuries ago. His treatment of draperies is at times distinctly oriental; and while the pure Archaic Greek and Phidian eras have influenced him, there are works of his which show a development not unlike Chinese art just after the dissemination of Greek ideals. Nadelman used as a starting-point the greater Greeks, but instead of pursuing plastic development through the Renaissance up to our day, he has gone backward, first to the archaic, next to the Chinese, then to prehistoric cavern decoration. But throughout his entire retrogressive inspiration, he happily has not been seduced by the heavily ponderous Egyptians or negroes. He has retained the flowing line, the delicate balance and the refined proportions—all of which are undoubtedly the true expression of his temperament. In his lightness of touch and the ethereality of his inventions, he expresses a genuine poetic spirit; and, in addition, one finds in his work a sincere seeking for something of greater importance than superficial feminine charm. His tal-

ent for reconstruction is adept, and he is one of the few modern men who have fathomed their abilities, and who, as a consequence, have not built up, out of hopes alone, an ambition incompatible with their capabilities. He is at all times a serious artist. His work is as purely beautiful as a Watteau, but not so profound as a good Picasso.

Max Weber, whose work is on view at the Montross Gallery, is an example of a man whose ambitions have dragged their unhappy possessor to most unfortunate lengths. His pictures possess no originality; in them one finds obvious imitations of the Persians, the negro sculptors, Picasso, Douanier, Rousseau, Matisse, Kandinsky, Archipenko, Cézanne, Derain, Désiré, the Futurists and the Syncromists; but these influences, in passing off the end of Weber's facile and able brush, have become so blent and intermingled that the results are incongruous and not seldom offensive. To pass into the Montross Gallery is like stepping from New York into the arduous and imitative atmosphere of Munich and Berlin. In the Bavarian capital of three years ago imitative canvases glared at us from the windows of all the art shops. Inside, many divergent tendencies were muddled together on walls into a struggling mass of mediocre disciplism. The originals of the men from the French capital hung in proud isolation, while their followers were feverishly at work copying. In my journey through the Munich galleries I saw the work of a hundred Webers, but with this difference: the Munich men adhered more or less to one inspiration; Weber can copy a score of modern men, and does.

Some of Weber's paintings are like those of Matisse when he was passing through his Egyptian period—a good example of which hung at Michael Stein's in the Rue Madame. There are combinations of Picasso and Matisse with a Persian bird planted in mid-air on the vacant side of the canvas. There are imitations of Picasso in nearly every phase of his development from the early semi-realistic and angular stage to the musical instrument period. Above the centre door there hangs conspicuously a spurious Kandinsky. In another Weber some of Picasso's first cubistic nudes, immoderately flattened, stroll through a Rousseau landscape in which the trees have become Persian. Ma-

tisse stares at us from many canvases. Cézanne's methods, slavishly copied but adapted to insignificant ends, animate still other pictures. Then there are "impressions," paintings of music, "memories," "comprehensions," and "voices."

Weber (like Bruce, Frost, Oritz and Pach) has hitched his fragile wagon to stars; and since his entire inspiration comes from other artists, he represents decadence. He is, in fact, as retrogressive as the quasi-primitives or the followers of Sargent, Whistler and Brangwin. After all, what does it matter if one copies the old or the new? Those who copy the new are as distinctly imitative as the others. Fundamentally, the minds of these two types of painters are the same. In Weber's works there are no convictions; there are only pretences. The fact that he shows a great facility in reproducing the styles of his predecessors and contemporaries merely accentuates the scorn which we must instinctively feel for spurious products. His art is merely reflective, and it is feminine in the sense that it desires to give birth to something, but is without the masculine power to create. Weber is a modern exponent of the Carracci, a frankly eclectic school founded in Italy in the sixteenth century. But whereas their work was more or less consistently fabricated, Weber jumps from one influence to another, attempting to produce originality from the fusion of two or more better painters.

I am glad of the opportunity of speaking of Weber's work, for this painter, like Demuth and Davies, belongs to that type of secondary workmen who are, in large part, responsible for the current adverse opinions concerning modern art. Such painters are in greater number than the really significant ones; and from them arises the notion that modern painting is charlatanism. The reason I devote more space to Weber than to Nadelman, who is more artistic and deserving, is because Weber represents a class of painters which is rapidly growing in this country—a class whose presence greatly handicaps the conscientious work of more serious men. If modern painting were to be judged by such men as Weber, I would repudiate it forthwith. But his is not significant modern painting. It is superficial, and even in its imitations it does not go beneath the surface of other men's canvases. Weber's attempts at order are linear and two-dimen-

sional, exhibiting themselves for the most part in parallels. His color is negligible, and as a result he is unable to produce any volumnear sensation. Since Matisse is preëminently a painter of surface rhythm, Weber imitates him the best, although the latter's poverty of design and insensitivity to chromatic harmony would preclude our mistaking one for the other.

Even Weber's sculpture is an amalgamation of the Chinese, Archipenko, Gaudier-Brzeska and Wolff. One cannot gain a single solid impression from the whole show. When one departs from the room, one's memory retains only a hazy mass of great dimensions struggling in an interminable riot. Van Gogh was full of intense nervous force, but his unrest came from within, whereas Weber's is a result of extraneous influences. Every painter cannot be an innovator, but it is not because Weber fails where thousands of others fail that I criticise him so severely. It is because, instead of trying to work out a slight personal expression, he consciously and frankly imitates other men, apparently without giving a thought to what he himself might have to say. On entering the exhibition one is inclined to remark: "All the moderns seem to be here. But where are the Webers?" This painter's slightest efforts are his best ones. Some of his gouache drawings have a pretty, if somewhat heavy, charm; and his imitations of Matisse, as I have said, are his most competent approximations.

Another free imitator—but one who chooses a lesser guiding star than does Weber in many instances—is Joseph Pennell, whose drawings have recently been exposed at the Brooklyn Institute. Etching is Pennell's long suit. The art of etching consists in scratching a drawing with a sharp needle on a zinc or copper plate, dry or covered with wax; and this plate serves as a base for printing many copies of the picture. The printing is largely the artistic side of etching. In this process the ink is smeared into melting tones, thus producing that delicious charm of dark and light, softening over sharp lines. Granted a commonplace picture almost any etching can be made or unmade by the printer. Nearly all good etchers print their own works. In the art of printing etchings Pennell is a master. His drawings, however, are no better than those of a hundred other illustra-

tors who draw bridges and houses and street scenes. After Pennell completes the easy and slightly important preliminary of scratching his picture, he gets down to the more difficult process of making his pictures "artistic." This latter he does with even greater competency than did his more artistic master, although Pennell's actual drawing is far inferior to that of Whistler's.

Pennell is merely another of the numerous portraitists of inanimate objects. Like Halpert and Kroll, he has built up a reputation as a graphic expositor of house-tops, smoke, and factory chimneys. Men like Pennell have a very definite function in the world. Their destiny is an insignificant one, but they fulfil it admirably. In the more important matters of art they do not belong, and they should be content to keep out. Two months ago Pennell very unwisely published a critical article in one of our local journals, and as a result he made a sorry spectacle of himself. As an illustrator he has a much greater chance of approximating to Whistler than he has as a writer. Whistler at least knew something of the art of his time; but by the most liberal stretch of the imagination one could not accuse Pennell of an equal knowledge concerning the painting of to-day.

The great joy of the exhibitions of the month is the Renoir show at the Durand-Ruel Galleries. Here one can see a small collection of works by the master technician of modern times, the man who perfected the naturalistic painting which was begun by the moderns of the early nineteenth century. For those who hold any fabulous illusions about Monet this exhibition will be a revelation, for there are many Monets shown in the same room with the Renoirs. In America one thinks of Monet when Impressionism or Pointillism is mentioned, and is inclined to regard him as the master lightist. But Monet's work, when hung beside Renoir's, is almost negative in quality. It is dull, dark, flat, and superficially feminine.

Monet possessed little more than a cleverness of brushing and a surface charm. But in Renoir's pictures of similar subjects there are both form and a scintillation of light which Monet never even remotely approached. Compare, for instance, Renoir's *La Seine à Argenteuil* with the best Monet, and you will

feel at once the rich variety and profundity of the one, and the shallowness and poverty of the other. Before Renoir's nudes—especially before *Baigneuse S'Essuyant*—we experience a reaction to form greater than before nature itself; and his *Jeune Femme au Balcon*, Cagnes is as exquisite as a detail from any Titian, and quite as well painted. The Monets are approximations to nature, and impress us as such. Before Renoir we feel that we are gazing at form itself—form ordained and made fluent by a master.

In closing there is one point on which I wish to insist. Due to indiscriminate praise which certain defenders of the new movement have poured on all modern effort, whether worthy or unworthy, it may be imagined that, because I at times criticize the younger men severely, I am not wholly in sympathy with their aspirations. Such, however, is not the case. The critic who does the greatest harm to modern painting is the one who defends it as a whole, who pampers and coddles it, who declares that all of it is superior to the old. Not until critics treat the new movement with the same ruthless and differentiating judgment they apply to the older painting will it be taken with serious respect by the public. The insincere modern men must be pointed out, lest the conscientious ones suffer. But merely because I sometimes speak disparagingly of an artist's work, it does not mean that I consider that man a charlatan. I have adversely criticized Walkowitz, Hartley, Man Ray, Dasburg, Sheeler, Sterne, Zorach and Grossman: and yet I believe these artists are working intelligently toward high achievement, and that their conscientiousness and talent show commendable promise. These men all have my sincerest support, and my belief in them is firm. It is only the slavish imitators who have insincerely annexed themselves to the new movement for commercial reasons, that I am set against. When the public takes modern painting with sufficient concern to analyze it, to differentiate between the good and the bad, and to apply rigid critical standards to it, then the new art will have won its greatest battle against the indifference and ridicule with which it is now regarded. My criticisms are actuated by a desire to bring about that victory.

"I COME!"

HENRY B. RANKIN

[The experience described in this article occurred many years ago. At that time Mr. Rankin had been confined to his couch for ten years. Long before that he had left his office at the end of a day's work—and he has never returned to resume active outside affairs since. Cruel and hopeless suffering has tortured him through much of this period. It has never conquered him, never even enfeebled his will. From his day-couch beside his desk, in the family sitting-room, dressed every day as if for active life, he has continued to carry on his business successfully by wire and pen. With fullest coöperation of a faithful wife, he has directed the education of his children and kept himself in touch with the thoughts and activities of the world. In these later years he has written, and is about to publish, a volume of "Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln, the First American" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Mr. Rankin was born in Sangamon County, Illinois, and for several years was a student in the law office of Lincoln and Herndon. His volume has real significance—touching a period of Lincoln's life of which we have little that is understanding and sympathetic. Out of this mastery of pain and isolation has developed a personality of unusual gentleness and understanding. It may be that only to one who had conquered pain as he had, could come the vision he describes.]

This record of an unusual experience was made just after it occurred and in practically the form in which it is here, for the first time, printed.—IDA M. TARBELL.]

I

A SUCCESSION of painful days and nights had been passed through. Pain and prostration had tossed my little life at their high tide. No sleep had relieved the tension of body or soothed the racked nerves for several days and nights. There had come such periods before, and out of

their stern discipline had been learned the need of being more than careful that these pain-battles should wear my vital forces the least possible. There is art for endurance, acquired in a veteran's drill through sufferings during many years.

There may such pass-ways come to any life as experiencing at one and the same time how hard it is to live and yet how much more difficult it is consenting to die. From such experiences a faculty may be acquired which makes possible our turning, hour by hour, with the wheel of time, while the life thread is spun out so very, very fine and frail—a thread the weird sisters draw out, tenuous and taut, but do not choose yet to sever. At this moment of which I write there was neither discouragement nor hopelessness. Such things had been masterfully passed by through earlier disciplines. But in great physical exhaustion one realizes loss of personal power. My body and soul sank down seeking Everlasting Arms for rest: "Would He hold this helpless body and tremulous soul and give quiet if only for one hour? May I not sleep, just once more?" was my faint yet fervid prayer.

Then the conscious borderlands faded away, and I passed into quiet, my every pain soothed as by a gentle nurse who carried me so evenly and well that I was no more the little former self circled by exhaustion and pain.

II

The tones of a voice bathed my being; a voice, most wonderful in sweetness, uttered two words—"I come!"—with such melody that, had I awakened immediately and without beholding the views afterward presented, the music those five letters brought into my life could never pass from memory. Then to my vision appeared a presence entering the chamber. Airy and light of texture, the drapery folded about the form, which was equally transparent yet all so real and forceful that at approach the door and surrounding walls disappeared as if they were only shadows and the form and drapery the real substance that filled needed space in entering.

Looking upward I saw a—countenance? No, not as we

understand that word. The lineaments were not those of form only, although every outline was positive and distinct. All was transparent. Without thought or a moment's hesitation, I recall how I comprehended the Presence. From Him came the voice and thrilling tones, "I come!" My whole being rose out of and left my little self to pass into startled contemplation and welcome of this Highest One. Such form, color, music! The voice, "I come!" did not cease as when once uttered by human lips in this life, but without being rearticulated remained in suspended resonance of vibration and in every note continuous in sound, and seemed to be part and portion of the Being before me. This Presence closed about me and filled all my chamber in every part as light would fill my room at noonday.

Then came words additional to those two first spoken, but not taking their place, all part of the same source and with no less tone-melody. "That you should have Life!"

Suddenly, as part of and as if a personal embodiment of the "you" in the tones, I was for one briefest instance of time conscious of, and came back to myself, as I was when in pain-laden littleness, before sleep had soothed me with silence and rest. I almost awakened into my own former exhausted personality—but thus only for a slightest interval. Then, with an instantaneous rush, in the briefest instant of time, my whole past life was in view before me. It was as if my life had been before this, far away, though still a connected part, and now had all come back home to me and was mine again in every minutest event and faintest detail.

But this partial recognition was only for the briefest time, for then—no longer with my body—I sprang away from what had been pain-filled barriers, for with that word "Life" a consciousness of a new being filled me. There was an expanding, springing, bounding outward on all sides from within the small self I had always known. Into this newly recognized personality went all that life I have just spoken of, as coming in to me from all my past. This was so real, so present, so actually me—but with immeasurably more sensitiveness and fulness! The five senses heretofore hemmed in by my body, also capacity for thought and emotion which before had transcended the senses—

all were expanded and equally freed from my former body's limits in the briefest instant.

Memory ceased, and instead of recollecting I became all I had ever felt and thought, heard, read or beheld, of everything in my life thus far, but that now I had passed beyond, yet bearing all that past life with me into this companionship of immortals.

The words, "I come . . . that you should have Life," were the words that brought all my past existence into a present now. With the enrapturing tones around me and in voice continuously present I lived anew my former life, but with a vast expansion and emphasis into and with all that was my past. There was such an enlarged sensitiveness, bringing peace and pleasure, to things within and around me that words are helpless as a means of conveying to the reader what I experienced then, and what is now quite vivid, in a degree, to my own memory as I write these lines.

What I contemplated was not so much my surroundings without, as those within—a new personality. It was all my previous life reunited, and now expanded into this new, intensely comprehensive personality. Just here I did not look outward. It was within and almost exclusively myself that I now beheld. I began a new comprehension of, and acquaintance with, myself.

For more than half a century I had not known the manner of building going on within me. My personality had now all come home. Each past incident, with all its facts and emotions, as now present, was so much higher, deeper, wider,—every tint and thrill that I was conscious of was so much more beautiful than I had then comprehended them to be. I cannot conceive now, in my present awakened life of anything—not even the most familiar thought, emotion, or pleasurable exercise of any one of my five senses—that compares in vividness with the impressions they each produced on me there, or the power their exercise then gave me.

I realized with rapture then—what now I recall and write with a shudder of awe—the entire immortality of all my past, and also what I had received by contact, association and im-

pression from others outside my own personality during my whole past life.

I recall that there was, then, no such thing as time. All consciousness of the flight of moment after moment, which we experience in this life, did not exist there. Neither heart throb nor breath measured, or had part in registering, the relation of events. This was the most startling of all my sensations—this the only comparative memory I recall as occurring to me then.

Amid all this purely personal experience there remained vibrating with melody the tones—"I come . . . that you may have Life." Visibly through and enveloping all there remained, as at first, the indescribable, and—as was interpreted to my comprehension there—the charming presence of Jesus. It was this visible presence which vitalized, which harmonized, and brought all parts of my past into what now in memory seems as a complete connection with this Supreme One. It was not this, or anything like it. I know no earthly symbol of union fitly to apply. It needs the language of immortals to express those eternal verities.

On the instant of my comprehending what I interpreted to be the personal presence of Jesus,—and then became conscious of the new personality of what was myself, which I have described,—at this instant that same voice, but even more melodious and orchestral-toned in volume, and fuller of ravishing harmony than had been the previous tones—this voice uttered with most startling effect, the additional words: "And have Life more abundantly."

In an instant the limit to space seemed to vanish away on all sides, above, and beneath me. I was everywhere! Infinity of space was as present to me there as is this room here in which I am now writing. That voice with those melodious words filled all that limitless space, as completely as the song of my friend can fill this room.

The memory of these comprehensions so vivid then, thrill and startle me, even now as I write. All I knew previously of distance and space, being bounded by limits, ceased. On every side, above, below, the universe became to me visible surroundings of radiancy and life, without limit or end. Vision had no

bounds, no obstructions. That quietness and serenity of my surroundings so marked before, in all save the melody of those tones syllabing the twelve words quoted, now vanished.

Everything, everywhere, was life and motion. A new earth: A new heaven: *A new universe*: all filled with new living personalities beyond any mortal conception, or any of my paltry descriptions. Yet all this life was so related to the former one—but with barriers and limits removed.

Amid this aggregated life, as part of each one and surrounding and beyond all, was the bodily, visible presence and form of Him who in my chamber I comprehended as Jesus, and who now filled this infinity of space. Each life there was enveloped and permeated with a degree of His radiant brightness reflected on them, which thus became the only revealing medium of the individual soul to itself, as well as of each to all, and all to each.

I will pass mention here of any personal recognition which there occurred between me and the many whose "angel faces smile, which I had loved long since, and lost awhile." This is not for human speech—a stranger intermeddleth not therewith; but I will note my recognition there of those men and women, as such, with whom, by sympathy of thought in my familiarity with history and literature, there had existed during my past some fraternity and harmony which united me to them, in a degree similar to that which draws us to our intimate friends. I knew and was known of them. As in the past I had lived in communings of thought with them, and in their lives, I found now they had, also, been equally intimate with me. They knew me, and I comprehended that I saw the souls of men and women.

That I was perplexed I recall, but more than happy; serenely and joyously so, both by my own strangely enlarged personality, and also in the stranger and more vivid comprehension of what surrounded me. Faculties, emotions, language, with startling facility to communicate—with delicacy and force all undreamed of, or only in fragments or faintest outline, as being possible to existence before—now filled my own new life, and also met me on every side in the life of others.

I was emerged from a tiny childhood, lived in a far-away

land, to a fulness within and infinite vastness around, all of which I was made to comprehend in a degree, and a part of which I was.

I did not then—as seems to me now when trying to recall—think with the measure of words, or behind the limits which here hem in the comprehensions of every environment. The interests and the vastness of the scenes before me engaged faculties and refinements of spiritual powers this world's words are powerless to describe. I realize while writing these sentences out of my memory how cold and colorless they will be to *any* reader, compared with what they were to me; though they are now, as really before me as any other memory, or personality of life, or view of earth, which I have felt or seen before or since.

What I have written out as being my own enlarged life was similarly the lives of others, now revealed to me and filling this universe of limitless space, only in others, as seemed to me then, larger, clearer, purer, more beautiful every way than in myself.

The most impressive and startling fact of all, in the scenes so vividly before me, was that the Christ-life in bodily form, or what I comprehended as such (that had filled my vision when seen at first and alone in my chamber, was, under the enlarged capabilities I now had and which were possessed, as then seemed to me, in a larger degree by all around me)—that Presence and radiancy transcended all its first apparent limit of outline, and there filled the infinity of space as sunlight does this world at noonday.

The Presence enclosed and penetrated and permeated, as sunlight cannot.

Life touched life, with most revealing nearness. Each one was individual in outline—personal, and unlike any other, with character transparent and visible. Nothing was hidden. Each one was known by every other soul, as entirely and in the same enlarged degree as they there knew their own selves. There was no private or hidden thought, emotion or purpose. That Presence and that incomprehensible Light which shone around and between all had united us in this new fraternity of immortal humanity. I do not in this life know or comprehend my own self,

my own emotions and thoughts, as I then did the entire being of those about me.

This life was not limited to what we here call the mind and the emotions. To this fact every part of my new existence responded with startling surprise. The five senses which connect us with the material world here were in the new life recognized by me with a pungency, delicacy, clearness and sensitiveness I had never received through, or by them, in my earth life. The sense of touch was a joy; the thrill of pleasure and satisfaction from vision were beyond measure in mortal sentences, and sounds there brought tones earth's symphonies had been for me no preparation to enjoy.

Then a change—here just at this, to me, thrilling portion of my experience, amid that rush of joy and peacefulness no words can portray; filmy curtains, as of shadows and contracting space, began nearing me on every side. Lost was the presence, one by one, of the innumerable throng, until then so palpably present. I felt part of my own new self diminishing, fading—fleeing away, slowly, beyond my consciousness. I struggled intensely in an agony of desire to retain my enlarged consciousness, but all in vain! Little by little the old narrowing limits pressed me in, until I lay in my chamber once more, finding it, as when left, still lit by the personal Presence and voice, as at first, sounding, "I come!" Then this grew fainter, as if passing away farther, while the light and beautiful outlines became less and less real. At last silence and darkness closed all, with me awake, as of old, a little very helpless life, full of exhaustion and racked by pain. I was awake to this human consciousness. Once more I was amid what some sad souls so blindly measure as the all of human life!

GENERAL ALVARO OBREGON

The Military Genius of Mexico

CARLO DE FORNARO

THE greatest generals in the history of Mexico were not trained in the military profession. The war of independence brought forth many of these born military leaders; and José Maria Morelos was perhaps the greatest of them. He was a mestizo priest, entirely without experience of warfare, but he displayed such an exceptional military ability that he quickly rose to command. He won many great victories, especially at the evacuation of Cuautla, an achievement which the great Napoleon once said was worthy of his own genius.

At the beginning of the Orozco rebellion, Alvaro Obregon was a peaceful, well-to-do hacendado, living quietly with his family, minding his cattle and his crops, and also exercising his talent as an inventor. The Madero revolution had come so suddenly and succeeded so quickly in breaking down the rotten fabric of the Diaz régime, that only a small number of men had taken the field. After so many years of peace and peonage that was real slavery, the Mexican people had forgotten the way of rebellion and the need of fighting not only to gain but to maintain their liberty.

But the Madero revolution spread, and paradoxically enough, it seemed to win and to gain strength in spite of its defeats; and within six months the revolution was successful. It is well known to-day that the spirit of the Madero revolution was mainly kept up by the famous guerilla leader, Pascual Orozco; Gustavo Madero, in fact, told the present writer that if it had not been for Orozco's tenacity in continuing the guerilla warfare, the revolution would have come to terms with Diaz within two months.

After Orozco's defection, and defeat by General Huerta, he invaded the state of Sonora. And then Alvaro Obregon dropped his peaceful pursuits and took a hand in the struggle. He armed a few hundred Yaqui Indians, and after a quick campaign drove the great guerilla chief from the state. That was the beginning.

There followed quickly the development of the dormant genius for military tactics and organization which Alvaro Obregon exhibited thereafter throughout all the following years of strife in Mexico. Dormant this military genius certainly was; no one suspected its existence; no one ever heard of Obregon poring over military works; one heard of his talent for invention, and of the new farming implements he evolved and sold to an American manufacturing company. And yet a review of his campaigns will prove that this farmer, rancher and inventor created an entirely new strategy, a new system of military tactics; and of all the military leaders known to Mexican history, General Alvaro Obregon is the only one who has never lost a battle—a prestige he shares, though perhaps on a smaller scale, with only two other commanders in history, Cæsar and Alexander.

It is often very difficult for facts to overcome romantic fictions. For instance, in the United States, General Pancho Villa has such excellent press notices that he came to be looked upon as the great military genius of Mexico, the "Bandit Napoleon," the "Invincible Chief of the Dorados," (gilded ones), the "Protector of the Peons and Pelados." Imagine the astonishment, therefore, the utter amazement of the Villistas, and the American admirers of Villa, when they learned that Don Pancho, the Invincible, the Peerless One, had been soundly beaten in his first battle against General Obregon. Nobody believed it; a doubting smile was on everybody's lips. "Wait till you hear the truth," they said; "watch the next battle!"

And then two other battles followed in quick succession, and each time General Obregon defeated Villa more thoroughly than before, at last scattering his forces in a rout. Even the amazing Don Pancho was amazed; he could not understand how anybody could beat him when all his friends, the American officers, and the whole American press, all said he could not be conquered! Had he not almost single-handed defeated General Huerta? Everybody in the United States said so.

After all, the reason we heard so much of the prowess of General Villa was very simple. There was a very effective, hard-working brigade of Villa press agents, in many places from El Paso to New York—and not neglecting Washington on the way!

—which sent out and distributed accounts of battles, interviews, anecdotes, anything that might touch the romantic American mind, so well known to the astute press agent. The fact that these efforts were mainly imaginative—and in many cases without any foundation in truth at all—did not affect their circulation; they were sought greedily, as good romantic reading matter, if not quite “pure reading matter,” they were printed unquestioningly; and apparently swallowed whole by the American people.

But there was very little mention of the other generals in these pretty stories, of General Gonzales, for instance, and of Alvaro Obregon. These men, the chiefs of the Eastern and Western divisions, went on their ways, winning as many victories as General Villa; but the press agents never mentioned them. They got into the news occasionally, when some real fact forced its way, by its very importance, across the border; but that was all.

The truth, of course, was that the backers of Villa wanted to prepare American opinion to welcome the leadership of Villa in Mexico, and to forget the ugly stories of his career as a bandit and an outlaw; they wanted to eliminate General Obregon and General Gonzales, and then to depose Carranza, the First Chief, when, lo! Don Pancho would have become dictator. It was a pretty idea and it was all very nicely arranged; even the famous Aguascalientes convention, an excellent piece of high-handed steam-roller work, was part of the game. But the grand scheme failed to work, because the schemers did not reckon on the man they had to deal with in Alvaro Obregon.

When General Obregon first went to visit Don Pancho Villa, to discuss the situation and to come to an understanding, the Villistas hoped, first, that General Obregon would not dare risk his life in such a reckless interview, and secondly, that Villa would get rid of him in one of his fits of destructive rage. But the Villistas did not know that General Obregon was entirely without fear of Villa; and it may be, too, that they did not admit publicly that Villa himself was a cowardly bully, although they agreed privately that he was.

When Villa and Obregon met a stormy interview followed.

Villa demanded that General Obregon desert First Chief Carranza, and Obregon laughed at him. Villa lost his temper, but he did not venture to attack Obregon; instead, perhaps from motives of discretion, he ordered Obregon's arrest, and threatened to have him shot unless he agreed to the Villista plan. And this, as all Mexico knows to-day, was General Obregon's answer:

"General Villa, my life belongs to Mexico. If you believe that my death is necessary to save Mexico, I'm ready to die. I don't want to die, but I'm willing to sacrifice my life for Mexico. But you! I came here to meet Villa, the patriot, and I find Villa, the savage, who calls himself the savior of Mexico."

No doubt there was more, but that much they tell in Mexico. And Villa somehow—perhaps by the very courage and patriotism of Obregon—was conquered, and instead of arresting him, gave a grand ball in his honor.

Perhaps the contrast between Villa and Obregon was never better shown than at the Aguascalientes convention. General Obregon went there accompanied only by his staff, but General Villa, despite an agreement to the contrary, brought with him eighteen thousand of his soldiers—and Mexico said Villa was afraid! as Mexico said Villa was afraid to go to the convention of generals at Mexico City.

II

When General Obregon took command of the Western Division of the army, he had a great task before him; and perhaps a sketch of his campaign will give some testimony to his ability as a military leader.

The western campaign had for its main object the control of the railroad which, starting from Nogales, runs through Hermosillo to Guaymas in Sonora, then to Culiacan, Mazatlan in Sinaloa, through San Blas, Tepic, and into the state of Jalisco, to the capital at Guadalajara. Once Guadalajara was taken, the western campaign would be won, and General Obregon would only have to wait for the arrival of the Northern and Eastern divisions, and join with them, near Celaya, to march to Mexico City.

The difficulties encountered by the Western and Eastern divisions were trebled by a condition which did not exist in the case of the Northern Division under Villa, viz., the fact that the seaports both on the Pacific and Atlantic were always at the mercy of the Federals, and could feed and supply and add to the contingent of soldiers in the ports. On the Pacific side, the Federals controlled Guaymas, Topolobampo, Altata, Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo and Salina Cruz; on the Atlantic side they controlled Matamoros, Tampico, Tuxpam, Vera Cruz and Puerto Mexico.

But in spite of this means of bringing reinforcements to the Federals, the Western Division, under General Obregon, captured one by one all the border towns, and later most of the seaports; and while Guaymas held out to the last, the Western Division had so effectively cooped up the Federal army in that port that it could not interfere with the movement on Guadalajara.

At the beginning of the campaign the Federals had about 2,600 troops distributed through the state of Sonora. The task of the commander of the Western Division was to prevent the concentration and union of this army in Sonora, and if possible to capture or destroy it; and the main object to secure the border portion of the state, so that an uninterrupted flow of arms and ammunition could come from the United States. So far as the latter need is concerned, though, the Federals were of great assistance in supplying war material, for after every battle they abandoned guns, ammunition and equipment that found immediate use.

There was a battle at Naco, and General Obregon was the victor. When the news was brought to General Huerta in Mexico City, he awakened to the danger of the western campaign, for he realized that the railroad from Hermosillo to the border would fall into the hands of the Constitutionalists unless their progress was stopped; and he ordered General Luis Medina Barron to start from the port of Guaymas with fresh troops and to drive the Constitutionalists from the border. The Federal general boasted on his "military honor" that he would be in Hermosillo in a fortnight, and that he would bring the head of

General Obregon, stuck on the point of his sword, into Hermosillo, and give a banquet in honor of the event at the Hotel Arcadia.

But something happened to the general's proud plan. General Obregon declined to wait for him to carry it out. Instead he quickly organized his forces, and attacked the Federals under the boastful General Barron at Santa Rosa, a flag station on the railroad half way between Ortiz and Guaymas. The battle lasted through three days; the Constitutionlists fighting desperately to hold the springs and wells; and at last, worn out with thirst, the Federals retired, leaving great numbers of dead and wounded, besides armaments and provisions. General Barron was wounded, but he escaped to Guaymas with only half his army, and leaving his "military honor" behind him.

Another great battle was fought at Santa Maria, a fierce struggle that ended in a farce. On one side Generals Barron and Ojeda were in command, and on the other Generals Obregon, Alvarado and Dieguez. An officer who took part in the fighting declared that the tide of battle was turned by General Alvarado when his troops drove the thirsty Federals into a great field of ripe watermelons, and that the Federal soldiers immediately ceased fighting and fell to eating watermelons. They could not be driven, even at the point of the bayonet, to fight further; and the Federal forces were completely routed. General Ojeda fled, leaving his officers and men to look out for themselves.

These are incidents in a campaign of many battles and constant fighting. The Federals were finally driven from the entire state of Sonora, and then were bottled up in the port of Guaymas, where they were under the protection of the gunboats. And the Constitutionlists were so sure of their ground that from that time on First Chief Carranza made Hermosillo the headquarters of the revolutionary government.

It was early in February, 1914, that General Obregon said to the leader of the revolution: "First Chief, tell Villa and Gonzales to hurry up on their advance to Mexico, for I expect to get there before them." And he kept his word.

General Obregon started on his campaign south of Sonora. Following the line of the railroad, he drove the Federals stead-

ily before him; he drove them into the seaports and left detachments of his troops to keep them there. He followed these tactics through the state of Sinaloa; he fought the victorious battles of Sinaloa City and Culiacan, and kept the Federal armies blockaded in Topolobampo, Altata and Mazatlan; and only his great strategy in making demonstrations before these cities—using the same troops, very often moving them from one place to another—made it possible for him to succeed; his forces were smaller in number and distributed over greater territory; he pretended to have much larger forces than he really had. His rear was always open to attack, and reinforcements could be brought to the Federals to these ports from Salina Cruz; and his whole army might have been annihilated if his strategy had not been successful.

He continued to press steadily southward. He conquered the territory of Tepic; he took the cities of Acaponeta and San Blas. Then he took the city of Guadalajara by storm, making the richest haul of his campaign when he captured from the Federals fifty-six trainloads of supplies. He defeated the Federals again at Irapuato, and from there he proceeded towards Mexico City; he attacked and defeated Zapata in his stronghold in Puebla, driving him into the state of Morelos. The battle of Puebla was the death-knell of Zapata's hopes, as the battle of Celaya was the death-knell of the hopes of Villa.

General Obregon always prepared the plans for his battles very carefully in advance. An aide who was with him through his campaigns says the tactics were nearly always the same, and the details varied only according to circumstances. If the enemy, for example, was in stronger force—as was usually the case—say eight thousand soldiers to Obregon's five thousand, before coming up with them he would pick out his battleground. Within a few miles of his base he dug trenches and built earthworks in the form of a great horseshoe, with the opening towards the enemy. Then leaving three thousand soldiers to man the earthworks, and to handle the artillery and machine guns, he would advance and attack with two thousand infantry and cavalry. After the attack, he fell back on his fortified position in what seemed to be a mad rout.

Over and over again the enemy fell into this trap. They did not seem to learn; they did not see the hidden troops behind Obregon's trenches and earthworks; all the work had been done before they came up. They pursued Obregon's troops into the mouth of this same fortified position in battle after battle, and whole armies of them were cut down and forced to surrender to escape annihilation. This explains the fact that in almost every battle fought by General Obregon the enemy's loss was from two to three times greater than his. It was not strategy on the enormous scale developed by the European war, perhaps, but it was strikingly successful in its results, which is the only test of military strategy.

General Obregon was always careful of his soldiers; he never risked their lives recklessly and needlessly as General Villa did. The great Don Pancho evidently could not understand the strategy of General Obregon, for time after time he sent his cavalry to charge the earthworks manned by machine guns, and always with disastrous results. In the first battle against Obregon, General Villa attacked three times and three times was forced back until the heavy losses forced him to retire. After the battle was over it was discovered that Villa had lost six thousand soldiers killed, five thousand wounded, and eight thousand prisoners.

The halo of invincibility was destroyed forever; the unconquerable "Napoleon Bandit" was conquered. But there was a quarter of an hour when things looked dark for Obregon's army, and only a dramatic stroke of his own saved the day and decided the fate of Mexico and prevented Villa from becoming the dictator of all Mexico. The correspondent of the "Vanguardia," a newspaper of Orizaba, described the incident on May 2, 1915:

"In the thickest of the battle, the mass of the Villistas charged on the 17th and 21st battalions. Their aim was to break through the centre of the active army, and the charge was a prolonged one and exceedingly violent. The ammunition of the 17th and 21st battalions gave out and they began to withdraw. The reinforcements did not reach them in time. The enemy advanced and threw itself as a wedge through the centre

of the line of defence. General Obregon, on horseback, dashed up to the firing line with his bugler, a boy of ten. He realized that at that moment the life of the country was at stake. He was suddenly struck with an idea. He galloped until he reached the trench, and then he ordered the bugler to sound reveille, and the bugle call which is usually played to get the bull into the bull ring at the corridas. A shower of bullets was sweeping the trenches, and the shells exploded over the heads of the two heroes. At the sound of the trumpet, the enemy, believing it was the signal of an ambush, suddenly stopped their advance. For ten minutes the little bugler continued to send thrilling, vibrant notes of the reveille through the air; for ten minutes the enemy held back their advance—a sufficient time for reinforcements to come up. The 15th Battalion of Sonora reached the firing line. General Obregon in person distributed the soldiers and started a steady fire on the masses of the enemy who had come into action again and were throwing themselves on the trenches. But it was too late. New battalions began to come up; the whole line was reinforced; and the enemy was shattered. General Obregon's stroke of audacity had won the battle, and this military victory saved the revolution."

III

When General Obregon took command in Mexico City and began cleaning house, a wail went up from the reactionary powers. Reports were published in the United States that Obregon was persecuting the merchants, the business men, the Catholic clergy. The Americans no doubt were not told that all through Mexico's history, Mexico City has been the nest of nearly all the corruption in the Republic, the home of nearly all the oppressors and reactionaries. Whenever the liberals or democrats were victorious and won their way to command in Mexico City, the influence of this corrupt condition soon made the victors helpless, and the people of Mexico were no better off than before.

But General Obregon fought and resisted this influence that sought to corrupt him, too, and to obstruct his reforms. The untruthful tale of General Obregon's persecution of these influences

was sent by a foreign diplomat in cipher to Washington; there it was relayed to New York, and a news association there exaggerated and enlarged upon the original misrepresentations, and the result was sent broadcast all over the United States. When the belated, but truthful, denials came, some time later, the press in the United States devoted some small paragraphs to them. That was all.

General Obregon's reply to the South American delegates who sought to bring peace to Mexico gives further evidence of his surrender of personal ambitions to his country's interests. When the delegates sent their appeal for peace, and their invitation to join in a meeting to determine upon the man best fitted to bring order out of the chaos that was Mexico, the chiefs under Villa and Zapata replied vaguely that they were willing to do anything to bring about peace, but the military chiefs under Carranza unanimously referred the question to the First Chief; and General Obregon said:

"Don Venustiano Carranza is the only personality in whom national representation centres, since citizens Francisco I. Madero and José M. Pino Suarez, President and Vice-President of the Mexican Republic, were assassinated in the City of Mexico."

Every one knows now the result of that inquiring. In the answers of the warring chiefs the Latin-American delegates found the solution of the riddle. They found discipline and loyalty to their chief, in his plan for saving Mexico, among the military commanders of the First Chief; and they found a lack of discipline and no concerted plan, but only personal ambitions, and "every man for himself," among the Villista and Zapatista leaders. Thus was the long struggle ended, when the American republics, including the United States, recognized Venustiano Carranza as the head of the government in Mexico.

General Obregon is still a subordinate of his First Chief. He is still young; he was born only thirty-five years ago in the state of Sonora. He is tall, straight, good-looking—but he has lost one arm, shattered in a battle against Villa. He is as cheerful and unassuming as a boy, with an inexhaustible fund of humor; and his loyalty to his chief and to his friends is still

unshakable and untainted by personal ambition. He is a widower now, but he speaks of going back "some day soon" with his two children to his hacienda in Sonora, to work his land and to perfect some new inventions he has in mind. They will tell you in Mexico City now that Alvaro Obregon will indeed be called to the highest honors in his country; but if you ask him about it, he will probably smile and refer you to his First Chief.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE'S "CHATS ON JAPANESE PRINTS:" A REVIEW.*

ARNOLD GENTHE

WHEN towards the middle of the seventeenth century the tradition-hallowed schools of painting in Japan—the great Kano and Tosa schools, which for centuries had created for the aristocratic classes masterful representations of court and battle scenes, Buddhistic and other religious figures, scenes from Chinese legends and poetry, noble landscapes which in their decorative and imaginative qualities have seldom been surpassed—began to show in a certain uninspired formalism the first signs of degeneracy, there arose in Yedo a new movement that from the lofty idealism of the older schools turned directly to the pulsing life of the everyday people, and found inspiration and subjects for their paintings in the colorful life of the theatre and the tea gardens, the democratic occupations and amusements of women, the gay life in the houses of pleasure: and thus there came into being the Ukiyo School of painters, whose adherents wanted their work merely to be a "Mirror of the Passing World."

Some of the masters of this new school did not confine themselves to painting, but took up the hitherto undeveloped art of wood engraving—already known to Japan—and using it at first in a somewhat crude manner as a means of illustrating books, gradually developed the process as a fine art; and beginning by producing large single-sheet prints in black and white, perfected towards the middle of the eighteenth century a method by which two- and three-color blocks could be printed. Later the number was increased and extraordinarily rich and decorative effects resulted.

These color prints, which for about a hundred years have given us in a most fascinating manner a graphic record of Japanese life, constitute an art in which Japan stands absolutely unequalled among the nations. And though Japanese aristocracy

* Chats on Japanese Prints, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Illustrated. New York, 1915. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

had looked down with contempt upon this school which devoted itself to the common subjects of the everyday life, an intelligent interest in this phase of art was aroused in Europe and America during the last thirty or forty years, so that now the color prints of the masters of Ukiye are universally recognized as important and valuable examples of a purely national art. Large sums are being paid for choice specimens, and many books have been written on their history and their æsthetic significance. During the last few years even Japanese students and writers, at last realizing the artistic and commercial significance of this formerly despised art, have collected a great quantity of material and published it in books and periodicals, with the result that many theories, attributions and appreciations which had become almost a tradition have had to be changed.

To the bewildering and not easily accessible mass of literature on this subject there has recently been added a volume which must be considered the most competent, reliable and fascinating guide to the study and appreciation of these Japanese color prints: Arthur Davison Ficke's "Chats on Japanese Prints." Mr. Ficke, besides being an ardent and discriminating collector, is familiar with most of the notable collections of Japanese prints; he has studied all the available literature on the subject with thoroughness and cool criticism; and the fact that he is a poet has enabled him to perceive and make clear to us certain subtle spiritual qualities of this phase of Oriental Art, which the Western eye—and indeed the eye of the unpoetical—does not easily see.

The book—it contains 456 pages and 60 illustrations—begins with a preliminary survey which explains briefly and in a most lucid and charming manner the curious conventions of Oriental art which must be understood before our untrained mind can begin to respond. Then, after describing the conditions which preceded the birth of the Ukiye School, the author begins with the actual history of the print artists, devoting a chapter each to the Primitives, the Early Polychrome Masters, the great Kiyonaga and his followers, the Decadence and finally the Downfall of this most national of all Japanese arts, which in the brief course of a hundred years has brought forth some of the

most exquisite results ever obtained by the graphic artist. The last chapter (40 pages) is devoted to the Collector. It is most valuable, since it contains information about condition and quality of prints, prices, and forgeries, which cannot be found in any other book on Japanese prints. This latter section on Forgeries is most earnestly recommended to the custodians of the Metropolitan Museum; it might help them to detect the fact that hardly any of the examples of the more important artists to be found in the Japanese Print Room are genuine, even if they are guaranteed by the Japanese Collector who is responsible for them.

The illustrations are well chosen and contain some hitherto unpublished prints. It is to be regretted that the circa fifty signatures of artists are not facsimile reproductions, but are written without distinction by the same Japanese hand, which, while making them more legible, renders them autographically about as significant as is the handwriting which moving pictures use in letters on the screen, besides depriving the collector of an incentive to begin to appreciate the calligraphic quality of the various signatures. A special chapter might have been devoted to the "Surimono," those small, privately printed sheets—sent to friends on New Year's Day and other festival occasions—in which the technical skill of the engraver found its most brilliant and refined expression, and which, since they constitute a special development and present many curious problems, deserve a separate chapter.

It cannot be doubted that, as it is, Mr. Ficke's competent and fascinating book, besides being of great value to the student and collector, will add many enthusiasts to the ever-increasing number of those who realize that the Japanese Color Print, instead of being merely "a charming curiosity, valuable perhaps as a pattern for future designers of wood engravings," has the power to penetrate to regions of the mind which Western art too often leaves unvisited, and thereby prepare us for a deeper understanding and better appreciation of that greater art of the Chinese and Japanese painters of earlier periods.

HERBERT SPENCER'S "POSTSCRIPT" TO "THE MAN VS. THE STATE "

WITH COMMENTS BY

DAVID JAYNE HILL

[As explained in Mr. Truxtun Beale's article on "The State v. the Man in America," in the August number of THE FORUM, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive governmental activity are being reprinted, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among future contributors will be Charles W. Eliot and William Howard Taft.—EDITOR]

MR. HILL'S COMMENTS

WHATEVER may be the merits or demerits of Herbert Spencer's philosophy in other respects, he deserves to be held in appreciative memory for the emphasis he placed on the antithesis between the individual man and the abstract entity, the State.

This distinction may have arisen primarily from his hostility to ready-made abstractions of any kind. The State is, no doubt, a reality; but it belongs to the category of relations rather than to that of substance. When we look for its true essence, apart from mere forms and accidental attributes, its substantial components are found to be human individuals. If there were no people, there would be no State. It is these who constitute the essential elements of which the State is composed.

On this point Herbert Spencer has not been, and never will be, successfully controverted; for the reason that the conception of the State as an entity apart from the individuals who compose it can be shown both historically and logically to be a mere relic of metaphysics.

Historically, until very recent times, the State has been chiefly a relation between persons ruling and persons ruled. The status thus created was for a long period all there really was of the State. Gradually this *status* has been transformed by the identifi-

cation of the persons ruled with the persons ruling; until, in the United States at least, the State has come to mean an institution based upon a contract made by the free consent of the citizens themselves.

Logically regarded, therefore, the antithesis between Man and the State is the opposition that exists between human individuals considered as separate personalities and the system of enforced relations in which they choose to live.

The fundamental question, therefore, is: How far may *some* individuals rightly enforce their own private will upon *other* individuals? By "some" we may mean *one*, in which case we would be thinking of an absolute monarchy; or we may mean a select *few*, in which case we would be thinking of an oligarchy; or, finally, we may mean a *majority*, in which case we would be thinking of a pure democracy.

Now the important point here is to recognize the fact, that when it comes to imposing an absolute will upon the human individual to an extent that robs him of an inherent right, it makes no practical difference whether that suppression of the individual is effected by one, or a few, or a majority of his fellow beings, since in all these cases he is equally divested of his rights. When the State does this, no matter what the form of government may be, it becomes despotic; and this tyranny should be regarded as odious.

Underneath all this reasoning, it must be admitted, lies the assumption that there are certain inherent rights which the State should not be permitted to take away. Is this capable of demonstration?

Let us suppose for a moment that such rights nowhere exist. What in that case remains of the distinction between right and wrong? What then becomes of the foundation of the State? Being essentially non-moral, upon that assumption, there is no basis for it but superior force. The State is, therefore, merely supreme power. Whoever possesses it is the State. It is no longer a system of relations based on a distinction between right and wrong, it is a relation involving the absolute subjection of some persons to the will and dictation of other persons.

To this conception of the State Herbert Spencer strenuously

objected. His thesis is a reassertion of the inherent rights of the individual,—rights which the State, no matter what its form of government, should not be permitted to take away; and yet he believed that the tendency of his time was to rob the individual of these rights.

To him it seemed all the more shameful that they were to be taken away in the name of Liberalism, that the very political party that had protested in the name of individual rights against a certain type of class control and tyranny in England was advocating and urging another type of class control. It might be true that this latter was a neglected class, a hitherto oppressed and even abused class; but what Herbert Spencer saw and proclaimed was, that an exchange of positions did not destroy despotism. It simply transferred it from one group to another. What he aimed at was a system of legal relations that did not involve any despotism whatever, but fully respected the freedom of each individual in so far as it did not infringe upon the freedom of other individuals.

In stating the case thus, Herbert Spencer expressed the original and traditional conception of government that has hitherto prevailed in the United States. It was in 1860 that he first gave expression to these views. Twenty-four years later he wrote: "The drift of legislation since that time has been of the kind anticipated. Dictatorial measures, rapidly multiplied, have tended continually to narrow the liberties of individuals." In the "Postscript" of 1884 to the essays that were written in 1860 he admits that the recognition of his doctrine had been in no way commensurate with its importance. For this he frankly states the reason to be, "that the restriction of governmental action within the limits assigned for the preservation of individual rights and liberties is appropriate to the industrial type of society only; and, while wholly incongruous with the militant type of society, is partially incongruous with that semi-militant, semi-industrial type which now characterizes advanced nations."

If we consider how individual rights and liberties have come to be regarded in the United States since Herbert Spencer's "Postscript" was written, we are compelled to admit the fact, that for the first time they have been seriously questioned. With

us the change and the explanation of the change in public opinion are different from what they have been in England. In England a previously subordinated class had assumed the exercise of prerogatives formerly exclusively possessed by a class which, through the extension of the elective franchise, had gradually lost control. It is what Herbert Spencer calls "The New Toryism"; that is, the growing domination of a class that had newly come to power, which it had attempted to exercise in new over-legislation for its own advantage.

With us, on the contrary, the evolution has been from the practically universal acceptance of equal inherent and inalienable personal rights and liberties to a growing acceptance of the idea that the State should control the conduct and the possessions of the individual, including his personal habits, his business activities, and even his private opinions. Those who still defend the doctrine of inherent personal rights and liberties are now denounced as "reactionaries," and are frequently insulted in letters, and otherwise, by persons who impugn their motives and accuse them of an alliance with the forces of evil.

What Herbert Spencer says regarding "militant" and "industrial" types of society, and the mixture of them in the contemporary social situation, does not go to the root of the matter. It is far from certain if these two types of society can be distinguished, much less be fairly placed in contrast. The truth is, that the most militant governments have at the present moment the most complete control of industries, while in the industrial states a fierce militancy has been developed between certain groups of persons over the question of the possession and distribution of property and the rewards appropriate to the various functions in the process of producing value. There has never been in this country a time when such desperate efforts to control the State have been more mandatory, more intrusive, and more inquisitorial in all matters affecting private rights and personal liberties.

In this country this tendency is not only new but alarming. What is most disturbing is not merely that the anarchic and the theocratic spirit is so rife, but that the great mass of

the solid thinking people are so passive. Nowhere is there any organized resistance. The political parties, solicitous for the possession of power, meet the situation with timidity. Who can be expected to have the courage to say to the country, if he expects to appeal to the majority for election to office, that the majority may not freely work its will in legislation as well as at the polls? And yet, is it not clear to every man who will pause to reflect upon it that there are rights and liberties which majorities may not justly take away?

What then is the security upon which we must depend for the preservation of the rights and liberties of the individual against the power of the State, or of those who control the State, to deny and limit them? Shall it be upon the casual results of an election, or the unlimited will of a legislative body, or the chances of the initiative and referendum, or the firmness and sense of justice of those possessing the power of veto?

Our fathers thought otherwise. They demanded, secured and pledged themselves to maintain permanent constitutional guarantees of their most essential rights and liberties, placing it beyond the power of any one to take them away, except by the serious process of amending the fundamental law. Unhappily, we have reached a point where the restrictions of the fundamental law are the chief cause of offence, because they obstruct certain forms of legislation; and there are organizations which have for their purpose so to amend the National Constitution as to facilitate this legislation.

What then is the ground on which this programme is based? It is simply and avowedly that the existing guarantees of personal liberty render certain "social experiments" impossible, because they are prohibited by the Constitution of the United States. Nevertheless, much foolish legislation has been possible, in spite of its restrictions, because it could not be foreseen how many kinds of folly could enter the human mind and find acceptance there.

In truth, it is not "just and equal" laws,—which the Constitution provides for,—but laws intended to produce an artificial equality of conditions, by taking from some in order to give to others, that are desired. It is intended first of all to

destroy the only solid guarantee of individual rights and liberties, in order to open the door for the public exploitation of what is now private property. Were this guarantee destroyed, the abstract entity the State could appropriate to itself everything of value, and redistribute it in its own arbitrary way. When all the means of production were thus "socialized," the individual would be at the mercy of the band of officials controlling the State and administering its affairs. All production, transportation, and communication would be in their power. By socializing the improvident, who would be the pensioners and instruments of this official oligarchy, individual enterprise would be at first paralyzed and eventually rendered impossible. Such artificial equality, enforced by the power of the State, would be the ruin of society; for the reason that individual enterprise is the mainspring of social progress.

Even the possibility of such a condition of paralysis is discouraging. The moment it became evident that industry, frugality, and self-denial would bring no individual reward, the machinery of life would halt and eventually stop. We have seen this verified when even the menace of unwise legislation has put out the furnace fires and diverted capital to foreign fields of investment or the passive security of safe deposit vaults. The State as an abstract entity has no power to satisfy human needs. It is individual energies alone that create wealth and suppress poverty. Whatever quickens these energies and inspires faith and courage in the individual induces prosperity. Whatever deadens them or blunts the edge of personal endeavor arrests the process and tightens the grip of hard times; for it is Man, not the State, that knows the difference between happiness and misery and does the work of the world.

There are, no doubt, many evils in the body politic that need to be eradicated; but we cannot remove these by striking at the rights and liberties of the individual, and thereby crippling individual energy and enterprise in the vain hope of producing an absolute equality of economic conditions. Whatever the laws may be, such an equality of conditions could never be permanently maintained, because the qualities and capacities of men are different. True progress must be based on respect for the rights

and liberties of each individual. If these are securely guaranteed, and not menaced, we can proceed constructively toward a better standard of living for all the people, because we shall then be building upon the moral nature of Man, rather than upon the artifices of the State.

There are toward the close of Herbert Spencer's "Postscript" some sentences in modification of an extreme individualism which may very well be emphasized at this time. Even an industrial type of society, in the present condition of the world, cannot prosper without a certain dependence upon the State, including faith in its authority and submission to its control. There must still be thought for the preservation of the national life so long as it is exposed to external dangers. "There needs," he says, "for the management of all matters but the simplest, a governmental power great in degree and wide in range, with a correlative faith in it and obedience to it. . . . This involves continuance of such confidence in the ruling agency, and such subordination to it, as may wield all the forces of society on occasions of attack or defence; and there must survive a political theory justifying the faith and the obedience."

If we apply this reflection to our present national situation in the United States, we perceive the great danger that would result from a profound loss of faith in our system of government as it exists, and especially in the attempt to introduce into it changes so radical as to place personal or class interests above the common good.

A good government, in the present condition of the world, requires a compromise between perfect individual liberty and governmental authority. We must not forget that not only for the national defence, but for our economic prosperity as a nation, there must be faith in our system of government. As Herbert Spencer well says, "Great combinations of a private kind for wholesale production or for large enterprises, require a graduated subordination of the united workers"; and again, "Large undertakings can be achieved only by State action."

The practical meaning of this is, that if we wish to prosper, we must not engage, for the sake of personal or class interests, in domestic hostilities, or even insist upon mere majority advan-

tages. On the contrary, we must consent freely to such restrictions in the interest of all as will best secure the highest attainable well-being of each individual.

Here we perceive that minority rights must be respected, not only because they are rights; but also because they are, in the last analysis, essential to our strength and efficiency as a nation. Each producer must be permitted to exercise the full measure of his productive power, even though such exercise may entail as a consequence inequality of personal condition; and the power of government must still be employed to guarantee the possession and enjoyment of the results. When it is remembered that in the field of international competition national policy is a determining factor, the duty of a government to direct the energies of its people toward the maximum of efficiency becomes self-evident.

Happy should be the people who finds itself at the same time protected by guarantees from the domination of mere personal and class interests, and so defended by its strength and unity that it may act for a common end. Could Herbert Spencer know the opportunity of the United States to-day, under its system of constitutional guarantees, he perhaps would not consider his ideal "far in advance of practicability"; but he would regard with amazement any tendency to subvert a system which, more nearly than any other, has rendered possible the union of individual rights and liberties with that coherence which is necessary for coöperation in the accomplishment of all desirable ends.

POSTSCRIPT

"Do I expect this doctrine to meet with any considerable acceptance?" I wish I could say, yes; but unhappily various reasons oblige me to conclude that only here and there a solitary citizen may have his political creed modified. Of these reasons there is one from which all the others originate.

This essential reason is that the restriction of governmental power within the limits assigned, is appropriate to the industrial type of society only; and, while wholly incongruous with the militant type of society, is partially incongruous with that semi-militant semi-industrial type, which now characterizes advanced nations. At every stage of social evolution there must exist substantial agreement between practices and beliefs—real

beliefs, I mean, not nominal ones. Life can be carried on only by the harmonizing of thoughts and acts. Either the conduct required by circumstances must modify the sentiments and ideas to fit it; or else the changed sentiments and ideas must eventually modify the conduct.

Hence if the maintenance of social life under one set of conditions, necessitates extreme subordination to a ruler and entire faith in him, there will be established a theory that the subordination and the faith are proper—nay imperative. Conversely if, under other conditions, great subjection of citizens to government is no longer needful for preservation of the national life—if, contrariwise, the national life becomes larger in amount and higher in quality as fast as citizens gain increased freedom of action; there comes a progressive modification of their political theory, having the result of diminishing their faith in governmental action, increasing their tendency to question governmental authority, and leading them in more numerous cases to resist governmental power: involving, eventually, an established doctrine of limitation.

Thus it is not to be expected that current opinion respecting governmental authority, can at present be modified to any great extent. But let us look at the necessities of the case more closely.

Manifestly the success of an army depends very much on the faith of the soldiers in their general: disbelief in his ability will go far towards paralyzing them in battle; while absolute confidence in him will make them fulfil their respective parts with courage and energy. If, as in the normally-developed militant type of society, the leader in war and the ruler in peace are one and the same, this confidence in him extends from military action to civil action; and the society, in large measure identical with the army, willingly accepts his judgments as law-giver. Even where the civil head, ceasing to be the military head, does his generalship by deputy, there still clings to him the traditional faith.

As with faith so with obedience. Other things equal, an army of insubordinate soldiers fails before an army of subordinate soldiers. Those whose obedience to their leader is perfect and prompt, are obviously more likely to succeed in battle than are those who disregard the commands issued to them. And as with the army so with the society as a whole; success in war must largely depend on that conformity to the ruler's will which brings men and money when wanted, and adjusts all conduct to his needs.

Thus by survival of the fittest, the militant type of society becomes characterized by profound confidence in the governing power, joined with a loyalty causing submission to it in all matters whatever. And there must tend to be established among those who speculate about political affairs in a militant society, a theory giving form to the needful ideas and feelings; accompanied by assertions that the law-giver if not divine in nature

is divinely directed, and that unlimited obedience to him is divinely ordered.

Change in the ideas and feelings which thus become characteristic of the militant form of organization, can take place only where circumstances favor development of the industrial form of organization. Being carried on by voluntary co-operation instead of by compulsory co-operation, industrial life, as we know it, habituates men to independent activities, leads them to enforce their own claims while respecting the claims of others, strengthens the consciousness of personal rights, and prompts them to resist excesses of governmental control. But since the circumstances which render war less frequent arise but slowly, and since the modifications of nature caused by the transition from a life predominantly militant to a life predominantly industrial can therefore go on but slowly, it happens that the old sentiments and ideas give place to new ones, by small degrees only. And there are several reasons why the transition not only is, but ought to be, gradual. Here are some of them.

In the primitive man and in man but little civilized, there does not exist the nature required for extensive voluntary co-operations. Efforts willingly united with those of others for a common advantage, imply, if the undertaking is large, a perseverance he does not possess. Moreover, where the benefits to be achieved are distant and unfamiliar, as are many for which men nowadays combine, there needs a strength of constructive imagination not to be found in the minds of the uncivilized. And yet again, great combinations of a private kind for wholesale production or for large enterprises, require a graduated subordination of the united workers—a graduated subordination such as that which militancy produces. In other words, the way to the developed industrial type as we now know it, is through the militant type; which, by discipline generates in long ages the power of continuous application, the willingness to act under direction (now no longer coercive but agreed to under contract) and the habit of achieving large results by organizations.

The implication is that, during long stages of social evolution there needs, for the management of all matters but the simplest, a governmental power great in degree and wide in range, with a correlative faith in it and obedience to it. Hence the fact that, as the records of early civilizations show us, and as we are shown in the East at present, large undertakings can be achieved only by State-action. And hence the fact that only little by little can voluntary co-operation replace compulsory co-operation, and rightly bring about a correlative decrease of faith in governmental ability and authority.

Chiefly, however, the maintenance of this faith is necessitated by the maintenance of fitness for war. This involves continuance of such confidence in the ruling agency, and such subordination to it, as may enable

it to wield all the forces of the society on occasions of attack or defence; and there must survive a political theory justifying the faith and the obedience. While their sentiments and ideas are of kinds which perpetually endanger peace, it is requisite that men should have such belief in the authority of government as shall give it adequate coercive power over them for war purposes—a belief in its authority which inevitably, at the same time, gives it coercive power over them for other purposes.

Thus, as said at first, the fundamental reason for not expecting much acceptance of the doctrine set forth, is that we have at present but partially emerged from the militant *régime* and have but partially entered on that industrial *régime* to which this doctrine is proper.

So long as the religion of enmity predominates over the religion of amity, the current political superstition must hold its ground. While throughout Europe, the early culture of the ruling classes is one which every day of the week holds up for admiration those who in ancient times achieved the greatest feats in battle, and only on Sunday repeats the injunction to put up the sword—while these ruling classes are subject to a moral discipline consisting of six-sevenths pagan example and one-seventh Christian precept; there is no likelihood that there will arise such international relations as may make a decline in governmental power practicable, and a corresponding modification of political theory acceptable. While among ourselves the administration of colonial affairs is such that native tribes who retaliate on Englishmen by whom they have been injured, are punished, not on their own savage principle of life for life, but on the improved civilized principle of wholesale massacre in return for single murder, there is little chance that a political doctrine consistent only with unaggressive conduct will gain currency. While the creed men profess is so interpreted that one of them who at home addresses missionary meetings, seeks, when abroad, to foment a quarrel with an adjacent people whom he wishes to subjugate, and then receives public honors after his death, it is not likely that the relations of our society to other societies will become such that there can spread to any extent that doctrine of limited governmental functions which accompanies the diminished governmental authority proper to a peaceful state. A nation which, interested in ecclesiastical squabbles about the ceremonies of its humane cult, cares so little about the essence of that cult that filibustering in its colonies receives applause rather than reprobation, and is not denounced even by the priests of its religion of love, is a nation which must continue to suffer from internal aggressions, alike of all individuals on one another and of the State on individuals. It is impossible to unite the blessings of equity at home with the commission of inequities abroad.

Of course there will arise the question—Why, then, enunciate and emphasize a theory at variance with the theory adapted to our present state?

Beyond the general reply that it is the duty of every one who regards a doctrine as true and important, to do what he can towards diffusing it, leaving the result to be what it may, there are several more special replies, each of which is sufficient.

In the first place an ideal, far in advance of practicability though it may be, is always needful for right guidance. If, amid all those compromises which the circumstances of the times necessitates, or are thought to necessitate, there exist no true conceptions of better and worse in social organizations—if nothing beyond the exigencies of the moment are attended to, and the proximately best is habitually identified with the ultimately best; there cannot be any true progress. However distant may be the goal, and however often intervening obstacles may necessitate deviation in our course towards it, it is obviously requisite to know whereabouts it lies.

Again, while something like the present degree of subjection of the individual to the State, and something like the current political theory adapted to it, may remain needful in presence of existing international relations; it is by no means needful that this subjection should be made greater and the adapted theory strengthened. In our days of active philanthropy, hosts of people eager to achieve benefits for their less fortunate fellows by what seem the shortest methods, are busily occupied in developing administrative arrangements of a kind proper to a lower type of society—are bringing about retrogression while aiming at progression. The normal difficulties in the way of advance are sufficiently great, and it is lamentable that they should be made greater. Hence, something well worth doing may be done, if philanthropists can be shown that they are in many cases insuring the future ill-being of men while eagerly pursuing their present well-being.

Chiefly, however, it is important to press on all the great truth, at present but little recognized, that a society's internal and external policies are so bound together, that there cannot be an essential improvement of the one without an essential improvement of the other. A higher standard of international justice must be habitually acted upon, before there can be conformity to a higher standard of justice in our national arrangements. The conviction that a dependence of this kind exists, could it be diffused among civilized peoples, would greatly check aggressive behavior towards one another; and, by doing this, would diminish the coerciveness of their governmental systems while appropriately changing their political theories.

NOTE.

[In some of the criticisms on this work, there has reappeared a mistaken inference several times before drawn, that the doctrine of evolution as applied to social affairs precludes philanthropic effort. How untrue this is, was shown by me in the "Fortnightly Review" for February, 1875. Here I reproduce the essential part of that which was there said.]

I am chiefly concerned, however, to repudiate the conclusion that the "private action of citizens" is needless or unimportant, because the course of social evolution is determined by the natures of citizens, as working under the conditions in which they are placed. To assert that each social change is thus determined, is to assert that all the egoistic and altruistic activities of citizens are factors of the change; and is tacitly to assert that in the absence of any of these—say political aspirations, or the promptings of philanthropy—the change will not be the same. So far from implying that the efforts of each man to achieve that which he thinks best, are unimportant, the doctrine implies that such efforts, severally resulting from the natures of the individuals, are indispensable forces. The correlative duty is thus emphasized in §34 of *First Principles*:—

"It is not for nothing that he has in him these sympathies with some principles and repugnance to others. He, with all his capacities, and aspirations, and beliefs, is not an accident, but a product of the time. He must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet,—

"... Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: over that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

That there is no retreat from this view in the work Professor Cairnes criticizes, *The Study of Sociology*, is sufficiently shown by its closing paragraph:—

"Thus, admitting that for the fanatic some wild anticipation is needful as a stimulus, and recognizing the usefulness of this delusion as adapted to his particular nature and his particular function, the man of higher type must be content with greatly-moderated expectations, while he perseveres with undiminished efforts. He has to see how comparatively little can be done, and yet to find it

worth while to do that little: so uniting philanthropic energy with philosophic calm."

I do not see how Professor Cairnes reconciles with such passages, his statement that "according to Mr. Spencer, the future of the human race may be safely trusted to the action of motives of a private and personal kind—to motives such as operate in the production and distribution of wealth, or in the development of language." This statement is to the effect that I ignore the "action of motives" of a higher kind; whereas these are not only necessarily included by me in the totality of motives, but repeatedly insisted upon as all-essential. I am the more surprised at this misapprehension because, in the essay on "Specialized Administration," to which Professor Cairnes refers (see *Fortnightly Review*, for December, 1871), I have dwelt at considerable length on the altruistic sentiments and the resulting social activities, as not having been duly taken into account by Professor Huxley.

As Professor Cairnes indicates at the close of his first paper, the difficulty lies in recognizing human actions as, under one aspect, voluntary, and under another pre-determined. I have said elsewhere all I have to say on this point. Here I wish only to point out that the conclusion he draws from my premises is utterly different from the conclusion I draw. Entering this caveat, I must leave all further elucidations to come in due course.